

How Frost Made Nixon Sweat
From David Frost's New Book, 'I Gave Them a Sword'

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March 1, 1978 \$1.25

The Last Angry Men

The Fearful Price of Bucking the System in America
By Richard Reeves



The perfect Piña Colada.
Open The Club
and you've got it made.



A haunting blend of rum and tropical fruit. It's meant to satisfy your taste. Our Piña Colada. And like you like nobody but The Club. Far. Just like all The Club cocktails. It's perfect. Not sweetening. We've mixed more drinks than anyone else in the world. All that's left for you to do is enjoy.

Open The Club and savor the Piña Colada. You've got it made.

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Cocktails since 1873.



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Subaru engineers a great car, with great regard for price.

For one of the lowest sticker prices around, Subaru gives you a long list of engineering features. Like front

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Inexpensive. And built to stay that way.

americans may be permissive but about quality we're puritans.

Is today's lifestyle more relaxed? Less uptight? Absolutely! Does that mean we have a live-and-let-live attitude toward the products we buy? Absolutely not!

If anything, Americans have gotten more demanding about things like durability and washability, performance and fit. And that's why Puritan is so right for the times.

Consider our full-fashioned knit shirts. For all their light-heasted styling, for all their sumptuous, luxurious feel, there's the Puritan tradition of exact dimensions and shapes. They're full-fashioned, which means each part is knit to exact dimensions and shaped to fit. (Unlike garments put together from cut up pieces.)

Result: shape retention, flexibility, remarkable comfort. It's almost like wearing a custom-made shirt.

For the same of a store near you, write Puritan Sportswear, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. A division of the Warnaco Group.

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100% premium
Woolite
The Fine Fabric brand



The Sound and the Fury

War correspondence

David Hetherington's description (Time, Feb. 19, 1979, p. 101) of my alleged 1965 assassination attempt which prevented publication of a 20th-century collage story, containing plans to steal from U.S. Marines in Vietnam, is ludicrous in that it is totally untrue. In short, I never was asked to check any such story. I never had a late President Johnson on that matter. I never was sent by Johnson to the C.I.A. or the Army chief of staff. I never deleted the story to have it censored. My alleged involvement in such a trait of events never occurred. Finally, I was not a "true writer" but was writing then the magazine's Washington Bureau chief's position that I held for more than a decade.

John E. Shultz
Senior correspondent
Time
Washington, D.C.

My reaction to David Hetherington's article about the late Henry Kissinger is one of dismay and disbelief. Destroy over the issue it will take to correct his megalomania of imperviousness and diversion and to fill in his omissions. Besides that is a journalist of standing should have allowed himself to become the victim of such a harsh outburst of invective followed by manipulations and cold protests.

Hetherington comprises a great deal about the career of the late Kissinger. Yet he was clever enough to end his article with the statement that "I sincerely apologize and hope" that my late and I had agreed on the tone and content of a complete fabrication. To have made at the outset of his article and the point of the headline was irresponsible.

Secondly, someone will come to the story of Time magazine's selfish popularism and will understand the treacherous tension between the editors, writers and correspondents that gave the magazine its impact and success, especially in the 1960's.

John Fierlinger
New York, N.Y.

MR. HETHERINGTON MENTIONED IN HIS ARTICLE THAT I HAD WRITTEN "THEIR" STORIES IN 1965. I DON'T BELIEVE IT. The Washington Bureau—well known for its high ethical standards—had no field editor. It was my personal situation that led me to print those stories. The members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee have very well informed me that my story about the failed North Vietnamese

survived as a column. Time, however, was not. Senator Johnson and other senators were death about this, so I had to give up my seat. It was only then that the Press and my editor on our newspaper, who were instrumental in the ultimate of C.I.A. in Vietnam. The story, which Johnson received then and still has no way to write it down or to do so. His last news item is also in the Press and the story.

Bulent Ersoy, Ohio Publishing, editor of my column, is up to his right at first to lead me out of the C.I.A. A moment later he came to me and said, "You know, we would like to have you in our office." I said, "I don't know if you can afford me." He said, "It's a chance to make a fortune." I said, "I'm not a C.I.A. I'm in the state itself. I would be in control of my reporting."

Thank you, Ersoy. For David Hetherington's article on Henry Kissinger. It was one of the best pieces of journalism I have ever read anywhere. If Guy Fierlinger manages to maintain such high standards of magazine editing as subsequent issues of *Time* and *Newsweek* have, it will be a pleasure to read.

John R. Cooper
Nordridge, Calif.

Book reviews

In *Collected Poems* (U.S., February), Richard Wilbur employs many lines with introducing the phrase "Appreciation" (here, to the natural political vocabulary). Again, what we have here is a kind of platitude by Wilbur. As did Stevenson spoke of "poetry as a speech" in the 1960's, about the same time Wilbur was nipping Fisher Paykel for the use of the family car on Saturday nights.

Harry A. Horner
Byhalia, Miss.

MR. HETHERINGTON IS INCORRECT. I DON'T BELIEVE IT. The Washington Bureau—well known for its high ethical standards—had no field editor. It was my personal situation that led me to print those stories. The members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee have very well informed me that my story about the failed North Vietnamese

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Klaus Hartung, M.D.
San Bernardino, Calif.

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Arthur A. Sonnenfeld, D.M.D.
Fort Lee, N.J.

Science column

A feature in Michael Gazzaniga's article on Heribert Schmid (I recall remember Jack O'Dell's column back then) has always been one of my favorite columns. Schmid's writing sits on my desk with his name and last initials as a giving me a reminder of what was said. Schmid—who denied saying so in the *Guardian* piece—certainly did tell O'Dell this. We could buy one. The public-relations community is very sensitive about their appearances as professionals. My Schmid, for all his chutzpah, has done his calling a deserved.

Todd A. Cohen
New York, N.Y.

If Mao should ever withdraw, no support of cultural programs, it's easy to predict what would happen. Self-taught scholars such as Mr. Gazzaniga would be the first to write articles in slick magazines about "with his business corporations that never put anything back into communities where they derive their profits."

Russell R. Snow
Princeton, N.J.

Book reviews

Tragedy (White Times, Feb. 20, 1979) is a book I would like to seriously take the time to read. I would like to seriously take the time to read. It is concerned with the observation and interpretation of normal anatomical variations found in the human eye. As a medical technician it is therefore about as easy

The new Fiat 2 year, 24,000 mile Warranty.

Longer than Toyota, Datsun, Volkswagen, Honda, Chevette, Fiesta.

Fiat now offers a longer power train warranty than any of these imported or domestic cars.

We give you the same basic warranty as everybody else for the first 12 months.

But now we've added a warranty to cover the engine, transmission, and drive train for the next 12 months or 12,000 miles.

So basically you're covered for just about anything that could go wrong the first year, and you're covered for transmission, drive train and most engine parts the second year.

How can we do this?

Well, it isn't as simple as just changing some numbers on some paper.

We've spent millions of dollars and engineering hours over the last few years making Fiat's more reliable and dependable. What we've come out with is a Fiat that's not only a pleasure to drive; it's so dependable and so reliable, it's also a pleasure to own. Your Fiat dealer can put you in one for a test drive. And he can also show you the details of our new warranty and how it differs from those of other cars.

Here's How You Are Protected.

Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. will warrant to the retail purchaser each part of each new 1978 Fiat except tires and batteries to be free, under normal use and service, from defect in material and workmanship for 12,000 miles or 12 months from the date of delivery, whichever event shall first occur. The transmission, drive train and most engine parts will be warranted for a total of 24,000 miles or 24 months from date

of delivery, whichever event occurs first. Any part found to be defective will be replaced or repaired at the option of Fiat. See your Fiat dealer for exact terms of the Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. Warranty.

FIAT

First we improved the car.
Then we improved the warranty.



Fiat 131 4-Door Sedan



Fiat 125 2-Door Sedan



Fiat 127



Fiat 124 Spider

THE NATURAL TASTE OF MEAD, REDISCOVERED.

IN THE FIFTH
CENTURY,
MEAD CAME
TO THE BRITISH
ISLES AS THE DRINK
OF THE ANGLO,
SAXON AND JUTE
INVADERS.

◆ A potent, zesty
and pleasing spirit
touched with natural
overtones of honey,
herbs and spices.

◆ Yet, even before
its arrival in Britain,
man had an unquenchable
thirst for the
natural taste of mead.

◆ It had marched
with Rome's legions.

◆ Ridden with
Hannibal across the
Alps.

◆ Was the Viking's
"Drink of the Gods."

◆ And the legendary
cup of Beowulf.

◆ Then, unaccountably,
the legendary
taste of mead became
"a legend lost."

◆ Lost for centuries.

◆ Until, many years
ago, a legendary Gaelic
Chieftain's seven hundred
year old recipe for
the essence of mead
passed into our hands.



◆ The result is
Irish Mist.

◆ Truly, it is "the
natural taste of mead,
rediscovered."

◆ You'll find it
completely unlike any
other imported liqueur.

◆ Try it after dinner.

◆ Or on-the-rocks.

◆ It is a drink of
exceptional character.

◆ With a zest and
smoothness all its own.

◆ Indeed, the perfect
balance of potency and
good taste you'd expect
from "The Legendary
Spirit of Man."

◆ Imported Irish Mist.
◆ Rediscover it.

IRISH MIST THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN.

SOUND AND FURY

except organization. Despite our loss of funds, we have continued doing the groups as a honored host.

From the follow-up survey we did, we know men need the type of information and support we give. Just reading your article will help many men feel less isolated. We feel that abortion is at best a last ditch form of birth control. While we support a woman's right to abortion, we believe that it is no substitute for complete information on all forms of birth control for both men and women.

Alvin Sotter
Randy Hillebrand
Roger D. Gendry
Berkeley, Calif.

Business addressed

Regarding your feature Great Moments in American Business, Area 10: "Gen. Fox Wives v. There" (December), I was there and here are the facts.

My cousin Robert F. Kennedy and I went to Friendly's ice cream parlor on Main Street in Ithaca to get an ice cream cone. I left my father's station wagon halfway in a no-parking zone. When we returned to our car, a policeman was talking to my girl friend about the car. We identified ourselves as the car's owners, whereupon the officer, a summer employee of the Ithaca police department, the young constable, turned about and barked, "Get out of there, you two! You were sitting on the side's front bumper!"

One thing led to another. Bob was arrested for "assaulting and brawling." He was handcuffed vigorously—so vigorously, in fact, that his name and the name he had purchased for his friend fell right the gutter.

By the time we arrived at the police station, the summer policeman discovered the identity of his prisoner. At that moment of discovery, the Bobby Kennedy spring ice cream legend was, shall we say, born.

Now, follows, do you really believe for one tiny, tiny moment that Robert F. Kennedy Jr. thought he could spit a mouthful of ice cream and a summer police officer would sit on the shoulder of Major Haven without being arrested and subjected to the rigors of a Kennedy arrest?

Robert S. Shriver III
Chicago, Ill

EDITOR'S NOTE: Certainly no editor thinks R.F.K. Jr. would get away with spitting ice cream at a police officer. The point we've been mostly repeating in *The New York Times*, the *New York Daily News*, the *Associated Press* and the *United Press International*, is that he did a *Bad Expense* in trying to stand corrected.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 480 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



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Now change your luck.**

Dickies
IT'S FORTREL.
That's all you need to know.

If you haven't seen Dickies terrific twills, dazzling denim, and classy corduroys, then you and your legs have missed something. Dickies fit, fashion, and low price will make you forget the Other Guys. Made with Fortrel polyester. Look for the lucky dealer with the horseshoe Williamson Dickies Apparel Mfg. Co., Fort Worth, Texas.



Your horoscope indicates that your hard work is about to be richly rewarded

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
12 years old

JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 40% PROOF BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NY

THE LAW



BY STEVEN BRILL

Big-Time Law: A Money Tree

For openers, how about \$37,500 after only three years with the firm?

Any company executive knowing his company's legal bills can tell you that the law business is boozing. But a look at a strictly confidential earnings survey of a group of the nation's top law firms that is compiled annually by Price Waterhouse, the accounting firm, reveals just how well the most elite lawyers are doing.

They're making lots of money. If you're a boss somewhere, the next time you tell your prestige law firm to check into this or draw up the papers for that, you will probably be triggering a money machine that will earn more than twice as much more than you make yourself. If you're just a customer bystander to a corporation's legal problem, the process is certain to track down somewhere from legal company costs to a higher cost of product for what you buy.

According to the survey, which includes nearly three of New York's largest law firms, the median income per partner at these firms was a healthy \$431,000 in 1976. That median includes the incomes of the youngest partners who generally get a much smaller slice of the firm's profits than those who have been there longer.

Amongst incomes for the cruiser, more experienced types who've been in the top firms 10 years or more, the median is nearly \$500,000. These \$500,000-plus people are the average ones, not the spectacular masters of the law, for whom \$400,000 to \$500,000 a year is a more likely figure.

The youngest partners aren't offering either. Typically, if a young partner is someone who's been an associate to lawyer who's a hard-hander, not a partner for six or seven years following his or her mostly low graduation from law school. This means that when he gets the gold seal of the firm worth has to be a part-

Contributing editor Steven Brill writes a fortnightly column on law and business.

He's usually in his early thirties. The survey found that in their first year of partnership in 1976, these mostly thirty- and thirty-three-year-olds had median incomes of \$67,573.

That low figure seems to be defining all other economic trends in New York City while so many other industries in New York were declining in the past few years. These twenty-three firms grew in numbers of lawyers from 1973 to 1976 by a median twenty-three percent.

The prosperity is hardly confined to New York. According to lawyers who have seen them, similar studies done by Price Waterhouse of other major cities report that law incomes are growing, even Los Angeles, Los Angeles, Hawaii, Chicago, and other urban centers. Also, the clear earnings advantage enjoyed by New York lawyers is not disappearing. It may diminish, those who move to the big Apple for the big payoff so fears that the law firms in other major cities is now such that with the cost of living adjustments, higher taxes and the higher odds of not being asked to become a partner in New York, share seems to be no real economic advantage for New York lawyers.

The new survey for 1977 law firm earnings is much more from completed and Price Waterhouse—which partners were given that one of their client firms has had given us the "67 report"—or forced to comment on what the '77 survey would show. But partners in various firms that provide the survey's general information said, as one put it, "We was dead compared to what we are."

What means that the median \$451,000 partnership income in 1976 should be up substantially for 1977. A survey I've done of salaries paid by partners to associates confirms that 1977 was a bonanza for these younger lawyers. My own census among sources of top law firms of salaries and bonuses

brought up by the end of 1977 or the beginning of 1978 to associates are beginning to show fourth year out of law school revealed the following incomes for this crop of mostly twenty-eight- and twenty-nine-year-olds: Dewey, Ballantine, Tweedy, Palmer & Wood, \$36,000; Davis Polk & Wardwell, \$31,500; Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton and Garrison, \$34,800; plus a \$1,500 bonus; Skadden, Arps, Sterrett, Waite & Moore, \$38,700; Cravath, Swaine & Moore, \$36,900; increasing a bonus of two weeks extra pay when they take their vacation for vacation. There is also a \$5,000-plus tax bonus for these Cravath people stuck working in White Plains on the one and I.M. Seaford Island. They also get a generous bonus and the free use of a rental car plus the rent for a summer place near the I.M. Seaford.

The highest fourth year salary of all seems to be that paid by Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz, the fine-grained audience Manhattan full-service law firm and litigation specialists. They're paying fourth year people a \$40,000 salary, on top of which they can expect a lavish bonus, one that year's fourth year associates were given a \$25,000 bonus this past December. Except at Wachtell, Lipton, where everyone seems to be at the office sixty or seventy hours a week, these salaries don't seem to be based on how hard the lawyers work. Though of many of the firms, the young associates put in ten to twelve hours a day, including many nights.

In other major cities, salaries for associates seem to be increasing to be as high as legal and often higher than those found in the New York firms, though so one matches Wachtell, Lipton's targets. A lawyer at Washington's Arnold & Porter says fourth year people there might be getting \$35,000 to \$40,000. Depending on merit. A lawyer at

Photograph by Matthew Klein

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THE LAW

Chicago's Heller & Austin reported that the firm's fourth-year salaries vary depending on the perceived "quality" of the associate, but that thirty-seven-five sounds about right. Many big New York firms also differentiate in the fourth year according to seniority, a practice that could make some of the salaries listed here slightly higher or lower, the norm for offices in the same office.

If you think that partners are paying these young hired hands so much that their own salaries—which are based on the firm's profits—aren't on par with yours, the modern law firm is one of the great equalizers in machine game. The steep profits made by the firm will be reflected in the higher salaries, with little reflected in another category. For here it's enough to say that the big firms—those with increased salaries for associates the very year profits added a copay with an increased expenditures in compensation, so do profits.

Indeed, it may be that the salary in unisex simply reflects the higher rates the firms can charge clients because there is so much need for legal work. As one lawyer at Dewey, Ballantine put it: "We're so busy that we're taking away clients, even with our rates being what they are. Or, in the words of one Cravath, Swaine & Moore lawyer: "We're a goddamn money machine no matter what we do."

Lawyers there have been much talk in legal circles of these corporations trying to save the money by making engineers more like lawyers. This is only aapple against the law. There are more and more fitting themselves into what lawyers, like others, do: so doing to save and complicated laws for corporations to come up with an array such as partnership securities, reorganization, raised employment opportunity and the requirements that over the most heady up-to-date law departments are still shivering more and more problematic out to their law firms.

Are lawyers making too much? **A** Maple, Bill is an economy where nearly eight year old half-timers are signing multi-million dollar contracts, partnership agreements over twice as twenty eight year old self-sufficient years of the best undergraduate and graduate schooling under law fees is overpriced at \$30,000 and \$40,000 are bound to go higher.

What matters more is how these lawyer salaries affect the rest of us. Obviously increased legal costs to major corporations ultimately work down to where we pay for them out of our consumer dollar. Also, it would seem that skewing higher salaries and partnership incomes of the prestige firms are bound to pull up the fees of less expensive lawyers doing

work for smaller businesses and for non-individuals. However, the new opportunity for lawyers to advertise and the increased legal choices, promoted by advertising that we are just now beginning to see, may actually overcome this market pressure at the top of the scale and end up lowering legal costs for the moment.

Where the market pressure will definitely hit, though, is regarding the best lawyers to take key government staff jobs. For example, SFC's enforcement director, Stanley Sporkin, whose annual \$67,500 per year probably hardly beats the salary and bonus paid the fourth year partner at the firm of Clegg, Clegg, & Moore. (H.W.) Law reporters report that the best for can pay a return out of law school at \$18,200 while the going rate for the first-year people at top New York firms is \$21,000. (They're recent Yale my old school, Sporkin explains.) Few law schools make of nearly eighty grant the first year and they're not even mentioned in me.

Briefs

Associate Closing To Be Approved?

Two Supreme Court cases scheduled to be decided this year could radically extend the Court's recent decision allowing lawyers to advertise. They involve lawyers appealing disciplinary actions taken against them by state bar associations for soliciting clients. One appeal is from a South Carolina A.E.C. lawyer who was condemned for telling a woman what her son was probably suffering when she came to him for help with her son's condition. The other involves a law associate who allegedly "ambushed" (that is, lawfully) a senior partner.

Among other schools, Stanford will take about \$600 of 7800 this year, Chicago about \$2400, Columbia, \$71 of 4400, Georgetown, \$800 of 7900, and Duke \$500 of 2800.

Back in the Game

President Carter's recent decision that Brazil and the U.S. American should be awarded the right to be a new Texas-to-Europe route should bring up a some top Washington law firms. When the plan was presented to Brazil's which was represented by Arnold & Porter, Carter took the matter to Civil Aeronautics Board rather than business, away from Jones-Day, Ray, Rizzo & Pogue and not to Ver, Nor, Heller, Weisberg and Matheron Jones. (See *Lawyers* C.A.B. book.)

The law association is in the position of maligning the profession in order to protect it. They claim, as they did in their old segments against advertising that softwars would be abused by the crusading lawyers out there. "You present abuse as social regulation, not prohibition," replies Alan Morrison

of the Nasler group. "The last people are just afraid that with inflation, average people who now assume they can afford attorney, or are afraid to go to one, would start using lawyers to fight the law's powerful clients."

Morrison also claims that solicitation night is being some competition to the big corporate law marketplace, since corporations paying hefty legal fees could be balanced by other equally good but less established, more aggressive firms offer less in charge less in client fees.

The Obsoletes argue the kind of those legal a lawyer discussing an appeal would seem to make a hard case. Could it decide to be clever? But based on the way the judges decoded the advertising case last year, some kind of lawyer solicitation looks like a strong possibility.

Take \$600 the Toughest To Get Into

Applicants to most fully first-year law school should will find that Yale has—with only about three percent of the places available at Harvard but more than that the number of applicants—is the easiest to get into. The University of Michigan has about 3000 applicants to Yale will get good news, compared to 750 of 6500 applicants to Harvard. (The numbers are even smaller than they look, since the applicants are already a self-selecting group—that is, most of those who apply have good college grades and Law Board scores that they likely have good reason to think they'll be accepted.)

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At Diners Club, we have to say "no" to a lot of people.

But you should see what we do when we say "yes."

(One of the new things we do is give you
\$30,000 travel accident insurance
at no extra cost every time you charge your
travel ticket with your Diners Club card.)

Every time Diners Club prints a membership application like the one here, it automatically begins. We feel as if we have to tell a substantial number of applicants, "Sorry."

Many of these people are shocked. After all, they had no trouble getting other charge cards.

Why does Diners Club print on such strict membership standards?

Because we only want the ones who are in a position to afford and appreciate the kinds of services we offer. And that just might be you.

What do we do for the people we say "yes" to?

Diners Club members tend to be among

the frequent travellers of the world.

So Diners Club goes to great lengths

to be sure they have charge

privileges at every special place.

You will find as accepted in virtually all the famous restaurants of course. (Indeed, Diners Club members have more than twice as many as anyone else.) Diners Club is honored to be one of France's top rated Guide Michelin and associated with any other card.

But although most all luxury places are very few indeed, most all very few places are well known. And no one knows that better than Diners Club or its members.

There are many excellent places you just aren't likely to find out about until you get there. But when you do, you will certainly want your charge card to be honored.

So Diners Club developed a special

gate for being sure it will.

Since we might not hear about these places from our corporate headquarters thousands of miles away, we let the people of each country run Diners Club there. After all, they know the really good places like nobody else. And they do come up with some very interesting finds.

The simplest and easiest way from Folsom's (that San Francisco)—but very few others—know about.

the simple Italian restaurant that serves the best capricciosi. Si Jappon in town.

the ancient English inn outside of town, built in 1735 where

the diners refer to no audience of laymen. The right spot in West Berlin where you can relax. "Cuban" including table so table d'hôte, plus phone.

With the Diners Club card you can be as comfortable as you want. When the local residents take you into their confidence and recommend a great little place, you know there's a very good chance that Diners Club is located there.

To many people, this wouldn't be so important. To Diners Club members it is. It's very important to you?

And extra services

Diners Club does offer thoughtful things for people who are able to become members.

In 46 countries the Diners Club offices in major cities will give you emergency cash advances up to \$200.

In the United States and Canada, you can cash personal checks up to \$2500 in participating banks where you are a registered guest. If your card is lost or stolen it will be replaced at 44 Replacement Centers around the world. So you never have to feel your trip without charge privileges.

You can stay at hotel and aviation service without ever paying for the phone call, and train transportation at the United States.

And you can get \$30,000 travel accident insurance while riding as a passenger on a public conveyance—automobile, bus and without travel cost, whenever you charge your travel on your Diners Club card.

Are we you?

There are other advantages of being a member of a Club that which relatively few can be advised.

They are here to put into words that they show in the way you are treated. The way you are liked.

Everything.

As we said, this Club is not for everybody. But for people who will be about tomorrow's middle class, it is. If you are one of these, will fill out the application form at left and mail it. It has already been used with success.

Diners-Club P.O. Box 10 Denver, Colorado 80237



Announcing the Holiday 88.

Oldsmobile's new idea in sport coupes.



If you still like the idea of a full-sized car but miss the look of spaciousness and the feel of driver involvement, then the new Holiday 88 Coupe's for you.

It's a new idea in sport coupes. Holiday 88 comes with front bucket seats. Sports console. T-handle floor shifter. Sports steering wheel. Custom wheel discs. Dual sport mirrors. And the special Holiday 88 insignia.

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estimates are 25 mpg highway, 18 mpg city, and 21 mpg combined, with an available 260 V8 and automatic transmission. (Engines not available in California.) Your mileage depends on how and where you drive, your car's condition, and its equipment.

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There's a lot of News in Olds today.

Leslie Aldridge Wood is a free lance writer in Princeton, New Jersey, and the author of *The Second Time Around: Remarriage in America*, which was published by Viking last May.

THE BODY

BY LESLIE ALDRIDGE WESTOFF



Vas Deferens in Vasectomies

Now the odds for successful vasectomy reversal are in your favor

When Gayle married Dan Kelley three years ago, she knew they would probably never have children. Dan had had a vasectomy during his first marriage. Gayle married him anyway and love prospered to the point where Gayle began to want a child by Dan. He, too, began to want one, despite the fact that he had never felt during his previous marriage when children had seemed nothing more than a responsibility he could live without.

Last May, Dan went to another doctor and asked to have the vasectomy reversed. The operation was performed in a hospital under general anesthesia and cost \$1,200 plus about \$800 in hospital fees. (Other surgeons charge anywhere from \$600 up.) Dan stayed in the hospital overnight and was home the next day. He was given a special support for two weeks, experienced a little discomfort for a week and was able to have sex four months after surgery.

Although it usually takes three to eight months to reach the normal sperm count of twenty million per milliliter, four months after Dan's reversal operation Gayle became pregnant.

I asked her why she, who didn't have children, had married a man who might not be able to have them. "I loved him," Gayle replied. "I wanted him because I loved him. I didn't want him because I wanted kids. A year after Dan Kelley's vasectomy reversal his child will be born."

There are places in this world where a man's masculinity is measured by the number of children he can sire. Even in this country large families used to be celebrated like athletic trophies.

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These days, however, vasectomies are almost a thing of the past. Less than three out of every ten men have them.

Now the odds have changed somewhat: study that vasectomies need no longer be called irreversible. There is a new technique that has a ninety-five-percent chance of restoring a normal sperm count and a seventy-one percent chance of producing a pregnancy within two years after the operation. This rate is even higher than it sounds. In the general population, only about eighty percent of all couples and seventy percent of older couples trying to conceive achieve pregnancy within a year.

The new technique, which it involves, is a two-layer surgical procedure developed by Dr. Sherman J. Society of St. Louis in collaboration with Dr. Carl D. Oster of Ann Arbor. Dr. Society is a thirty-six-year-old father of two children. Dr. Silber is this country's leading expert in urological microsurgery. Now at St. Luke's Hospital West, he recently made news by doing the world's first testicle transplant on a twin who was born without testicles.

The twin did well. On the occasion of his forty-first birthday, the reversal was performed. In the first of two operations, the vas deferens, which carries sperm from the testes, where it is manufactured, to the prostate, where during ejaculation it mixes with fluid from the seminal vesicles and prostate. When a man has a vasectomy, the two vas tubes are cut and the ends are cauterized or tied back, interrupting the flow of sperm, which may then be absorbed by the body. The vas still functions during orgasm, but there is no longer sperm in the fluid.

Traditionally, doctors have tried to reverse operations by rejoining the two by heat-sealing, stitching the two ends together. This method usually doesn't work as the paragraphs show and doctors don't often expect it to. When it fails, a doctor is likely to have an "I told you

THE BODY

90% response for his patient.

What Dr. Silber does to achieve his remarkably high success rate is very much like a canguro's almost invisible strand of spider web to save the hardly visible inner tube of the spaghetti-like vas. He uses an operating microscope with a sixteen-to-twenty-five-power magnification (most doctors wear magnifying glasses of only two- or three power) and a source of micro-illumination system that is one thousandth of an inch in diameter. He makes a small incision in the scrotum, takes the testes, cuts off the constricted or thinned places and uses the infinite and finer tunnel ends together with six or seven sutures. What he is sewing is a delicate tube one-hundredth of an inch in diameter that usually carries the sperm. (In ordinary techniques, surgeons are a good deal more likely to cut the tube used by Dr. Silber and looks, he says, like history moves under his microscope.)

Each time Dr. Silber makes a stitch, he ties it separately so that each stitch is independent of the others. Some doctors use a continuous suture that can cause a pressure-crush effect, closing or partially obstructing the channel. Then that rough muscular outer layer of the man is cut off, and Dr. Silber has accomplished a delicate reconnection of the tube and, in most cases, a amazingly miraculously normal sperm count.

Up until now most surgeons have been mystified as to why their success rates have been so low. There has been no standard method for performing a vasectomy or a vasovasostomy. Each doctor does them his own way. Some tie the vas-end to the vas-cuff, some tie the vas, some tie the sperm, some use glass glues. Dr. Silber thinks the answers for low success are obvious. He says: "Even if you put the ends of the vas together with a rope it'd get some sperm flowing through the tube and you'd have sperm in the ejaculate for a short time, but the count wouldn't be adequate."

In his studies of over hundred fifty men whom he has operated, Dr. Silber has come to several interesting conclusions. He believes the three most important factors influencing a return to fertility are a microsurgical vasovasostomy of the vas (this is most easily the length of the tube when the vas is tied) the number of sperm in the ejaculate for measured the presence of a sperm granuloma in the end of the tube which indicates the presence of female sperm. The sign of the man whose vasectomy is being reversed divisional marker. If these three factors are favorable, says Dr. Silber, "insemination should be reversible for most patients." (There's simply enough a similar method is being used in reverse tubal ligations in women.)

To illustrate, take a group of fifty patients who had had two or three unsuccessful vasectomies reversal operations by other surgeons. Twenty-three of the operations had been called successes, but sperm counts were low and the patients were still not become pregnant. After Dr. Silber's operation, nearly 80 percent of these men had normal sperm counts when the operation was performed within ten years of the original vasectomy, when more than ten years had passed, only fifty-nine percent had normal sperm counts, despite an average reconnection.

The most exciting finding of the studies was among a later group of nearly two patients. Dr. Silber noticed that no matter how long ago the vasectomy had occurred or the success of the previous vasectomy had been, good quality sperm were still found in the testes and that there was a thirty percent chance of success even if the vasectomy had been performed a ten years before. Therefore, he deduced that this vasectomy was actually acting as a pressure-release valve that kept the testes from breaking up and going to liquidation.

This discovery has led Dr. Silber to suggest what he calls a pin-pointed vasectomy, a modification of the usual technique. If when doing a vasectomy the doctor cuts the vas and connects only the end closer to the penis, doing absolutely nothing in the end closer to the testes, a vasovasostomy will form at the open testis end and not at the pressure release valve. Potential vasovasostomy will then be greatly enhanced.

As the two-layer microsurgical method becomes more widely used, Dr. Silber says, it will be used in medical schools, we may be able to use vasostomies as the actual reversible kind of birth control that everyone is seeking! Everything else we have is unacceptably imperfect. Many women don't want to take the pill, many can't tolerate it, IUD, the diaphragm is messy and heterogeneous, and men don't like condoms. In addition none of these methods is completely effective. The latest figures from a study done at Princeton's Office of Population Research show the following failure rates during one year of use: the pill, two percent; IUD, four percent; condom, ten percent; diaphragm, thirteen percent; female condom and colposcopy, eighteen percent. True, all of these methods are one-hundred percent reliable, but they entail far more risk of pregnancy than in the cases of microsurgical vasovasostomy or divisional marker.

Dr. Steven Schmidt, a San Jose, California, doctor who performed the microsurgical vasovasostomy and has probably done more of them than anyone in the country, told me that sometimes men in college come to him and say, "Hey, I've got five to ten years. I don't want children till much later on." Schmidt tells them

"No way. Reversal is possible, but it doesn't always work."

Dr. Silber agrees. "It would be very wise to consider vasectomy as non-reversible," he says. "Contraception offers almost foolproof assurance of reversability, and this is not possible now, even though results are so much better." He cautions, "Using it routinely for contraception is a good only for the future. Despite the risk of never being able to father a child, some men have decided there isn't time to wait for perfection."

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Why a Man's Magazine Now? Because There Isn't One, That's Why

Recently we purchased Esquire magazine, which, since it was started almost forty-five years ago, has been one of the finest and most innovative magazines published. It has a great literary and journalistic heritage, a proud tradition of quality writing and reporting and hand-to-hand and ground-breaking graphics and visual design. Like any magazine this old (and there are fewer than you might think whose inherent strength has kept them alive so long), Esquire has gone through many changes over the years, some of them bittersweet, many years and others years during which the magazine was, frankly, almost asleep.

At the time we took over Esquire, we were asked the question: "What are you going to do with it?" The answer is, we are taking it back to basics, back to being a literate, sophisticated and useful man's magazine. Because there isn't one, and the American man needs one now more than ever before.

The Need

Let us say right away what we do not mean by a "man's magazine": Esquire will certainly not be another sex magazine. It will deal with the real and rapidly changing world of the American man, the

man who lives in the world of government, business, sports, the arts, and, above all, in the world of women and children, parents and families.

What are the basics to which we refer? The brilliant founding editor of Esquire magazine, Arnold Gingrich, articulated his editorial philosophy in a famous essay, "The Art of Living and the New Leisure." In it he laid out this groundwork: "The New Deal has given leisure a new economic significance and the five-day week has become not merely every man's right but virtually every man's duty. More time to read, more time to indulge in hobbies, to play, to get out of town... Men have had leisure thrust upon them... Many of them — perhaps even the majority — haven't the faintest idea of how to go about it. He is searching for an integration of working and living, for ways to achieve the traditional goals of professional accomplishment, affluence and respect, along with a release in his private world. He is experiencing a need to break out of confining career uniforms, to find ways of working and living with the new woman, to show his caring about children and to feel at home in the improvement of the new leisure."

The tide of history proved Gingrich right and the success of Esquire was the result. Now the American man faces a new period in his development. He faces both new challenges and new opportunities. As one of our writers, Nona Ephron, noted: "For ten years all we have been hearing is how tough it is to be a woman. The truth is, it has always been tougher to be a man." With the continuing expansion of the "new

leisure" that Gingrich wrote about and with other enormous political and demographic changes has come a new definition of what it means to be a successful man.

If a similar essay setting out the new Esquire editorial position were written today, it might be entitled "The American Man and the New Leisure." Because men are now demanding more out of life than professional success. There is an increasing recognition that life must be better balanced between achievement in their professional and personal lives. In short, the American man is demanding more out of life and yet doesn't quite know how to get it. He is searching for an integration of working and living, for ways to achieve the traditional goals of professional accomplishment, affluence and respect, along with a release in his private world. He is experiencing a need to break out of confining career uniforms, to find ways of working and living with the new woman, to show his caring about children and to feel at home in the improvement of the new leisure."

That's the new role — how it has changed, how it now uses its essential strengths — is the focus of the new Esquire.

We intend the new Esquire to be the cutting edge in this search, to act as a forum for the intelligent examination of positive innovations in the quality of life of the pace-setting man.

The Method

We have revitalized Esquire first, by identifying the elements that worked in the old formula and strengthening them greatly, next, by getting rid of those parts that were weak and out-of-date.

Esquire will appear fortnightly. Thus, our material will be more timely than that of any monthly and more thorough than that of any weekly.

The new Esquire is easier to carry and easier to read. Articles are shorter and no longer jump to the back of the book.

Continuous reading is mandatory for any modern magazine, and if we aspire to anything, it's moderation. So much for mechanics.

The Material

By definition, the male readers of the new Esquire are active, successful decision makers, the elite of American affairs. We will be examining the examples of the kind of man whose life and work and style are standards to be emulated, whether in business, government, sports, the arts, life in general or the life of the mind. We will be looking for the heroes of today, the exemplars, the men who have made it on their own terms, the titans who have beaten the system.

By examining major events and trends through the leaders at the center of today's action, the new Esquire will become, in effect, a new kind of newsmagazine. By examining the vital interests of the new man in greater depth than the weekly newsmagazines do, the fortnightly Esquire can better serve both the career and personal aspects of his life.

And by looking at to the excitement of the news, by supplying the kind of information the man not only enjoys intellectually but needs in the conduct of his day-to-day affairs,

Esquire takes on a renewed vitality and importance.

We want to become indispensable. To achieve this, we are going to be the right kind of reporters for the right kind of information. For instance, both Richard Reeves and Aaron Latham will report on the national political scene from Washington. Nona Ephron will contribute insights on the national cultural scene from everywhere. Adam Smith, author of *The Money Game* will write about money and power in the world, as will Andrew Tobias, one of the finest business-authors writing in America. Passages author Gail Sheehy will write on behavioral and political subjects. Peter Bergman will write in Hollywood, Jim Simon on the English language, Roy Andrus on Great on travel, Stephen Birmingham on travel, Alfred Knopf on the literary world, plus many more.

Men's service features will take on a new meaning in our pages, based on the contention that the quality of home-life is very much a joint venture in which the man is every bit as interested, involved and influential as the woman. Each issue will deliver fresh, practical information and counsel to men on a broad range of relevant subjects as possible, including home design (Esquire has hired its first home-decoratings editor), health and fitness, fashion, grooming, investing, income management, et cetera. Of course, Esquire has always been supportive of the arts and will continue to report on, and show in lavish color illustrations, the best in cultural activities.

Herbeyway, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, Steinbeck, Mailer... the list of major writers associated with Esquire goes on and on, and this great fiction tradition will be most enthusiastically carried on. New writing by such eminent authors as Truman Capote, William Styron and others is already in the works. Likewise the writing of newly emerging talents. Esquire will continue to seek them and provide the editorial climate in which they can do their best work.

The Civilizing Function

Since Esquire's inception, its vital tradition has been to function as the urbane, knowledgeable magazine that sets and upholds standards by which men live and work. This is, to perform that highest mission of any publication of quality — the curative function.

The very name itself, Esquire, connotes the civilized man, the man of taste... the gentleman. Accordingly, the new Esquire takes on its editorial mission the curative function, for today's professional or managerial man — the new American gentleman.

To become indispensable to him, to become his magazine, Esquire must do more than become the greatest magazine for men published anywhere. Which is precisely what we intend to accomplish.

The making of the new Esquire promises to be a most exciting and rewarding adventure, and we cordially invite you to join us in it.

Ray Feltner
Ray Feltner, editor

Milton Glaser
Milton Glaser, design director



ESQUIRE

*The magazine for
the new American man*



Generous to a Fault

Like it or not, you're already a big philanthropist—thanks to the IRS.

You are playing the role of a royal in preparation for the imminent day of reckoning. April 15, and you feel a vim and a proper job of graft, the charitable deductions don't add up to much this year. The bottom line shows you've just not a cent to give, in spite of the fact that only yesterday you bought ten more beers and beamed with more sympathy while he binged for the umpteenth time about his heavy income. Sure, sure, he's been the one—the whole year—of a kind of worthy, worthy devotion whatever you can do. He's always had much—but your patriotic consumption persists—there were some pretty expensive excursions, restaurants and clothes during the year, too. You could have deprived yourself a little and been more generous.

Postulate your haggard superfrug and live a minute. When you start writing about all those deleted patches for charity that come off through the mail—closed daily, you can see to them and to your self, with others you won't honestly give in the office. The truth is, you use of us blessed with this use of withheld charity. It is unlikely for us, soothsayers of the poor, paupers, and infirmities of the very poor. Why do you think that money goes away, after paying for Blue Cross insurance and Hospital Jordan's safety? It goes to show, in unfortunate they aren't able to pay taxes. It goes that money's instead of charity we call a transfer payment.

This is a fairly recent phenomenon. Taxes themselves are ancient history, of course. Tax collectors may not produce beggars, but they surely evict royal tax-slaves. Kings tended royal tax-slaves and men to bear them before the submission in Leviticus 27. No, that all

the talk of the land—whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's. We have felt the weight of that injunction ever since, and many churchgoers still heed it to the letter. The Methodists are probably the best known example, and they like themselves, by pure honest. But it's only in recent years that society has decided to mandate the continued use of spiritual founders. The United Methodist Church has finally created a welfare state.

The churches, like all charities, are given a little money, but they really do roll up according to the Social Security Admin. statistic, something like only percent of all federal, state and local taxes are spent for social welfare purposes. Admit that includes a lot of things besides checks to indigent relatives. It covers, for example, education, and if you have old dear in public schools, you are the beneficiary. Our assignments, putting something for your son or daughter.

But if you don't have kids in public schools, or don't use public transportation, or live in public, subsidized housing, or collect AFDC, or receive food stamps, or receive aid to dependent children, or receive aid because you are blind or disabled or aged or a veteran or just plain poor, you may well feel that your dollars are not coming back to you or serving hot that they are being used to help others. In other words, charity.

I really can't be too off the mark, in my case, to state that roughly half your taxes goes to other others and, therefore, that you only have to shell out twenty percent of your income for taxes—which happens pretty readily these days—before you are being properly, if relatively, taxed.

Forget about how much of that money actually goes to people who really need

help. We've all read about the waste, the dilapidations in programs, the payments to the ineligible. The clerical errors that spew out redundant checks, all that sort of thing. These economies are becoming more whimsical all the time—just two months, for instance, New York City's comptroller unearthed the fact that the city's welfare department had received some \$200 million in unclaimed welfare pay money annually.

The administration and Congress, like previous administrations and Congresses, waltz over these inefficiencies and social reform is on the way. President Carter has called out welfare victims, an insult, to taxpayers and recipients alike. Maybe someday it really will be reformed. Meanwhile, the beast thrives. The hand-up program, for example, started out as a \$40 million experiment and is now a \$6 billion-a-year mess, in two dozen countervailing welfare clubs, it's long ago.

My purpose isn't to get you upset about this. I just want you to realize there's nothing you or I can do about them. It's not your fault of money disappears. You give it, the authentic distributor is they please. And the truth is, if you give to private charity, the results are equally as better. To judge by the haven recorded by Harry Roth in a book entitled *Give It Like You Mean It* (Charles Scribner's Sons).

It is interesting that in spite of the tax bite, the inefficiencies and the job plain up off that are publicized, Americans are still soft touchies. We contribute some \$30 billion a year to charity, half of it, according to the Commission on Private Philanthropy and Public Needs, to religious institutions. When the unfortunate scratch out their hands, we reach in our pockets and scratch out our hands in return.

The logical conclusion I have been leading to is that the charity givers

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The other is for her.
Woman by Jovan.
The ultimate fragrance.
A cologne concentrate.
Totally feminine. Intensely floral. And softly seductive.



Man by Jovan.

Woman by Jovan.

TAXES

If you still feel an urge to be charitable after realizing how much you've already donated to social welfare, at least make yourself feel good by giving to causes you truly care about.

are deals and to sell with the sufficient poor. If you pay your taxes, you have taken care of the hungry dead, stamp! The homeless (public, however) and the sick (Medicare and Medicaid). Thus as the late Lazarus Berke wrote in her last book, *This Big Society: Your Right to Society as It Is Degraded*. Elsewhere in *Leftover* I look out for number one, as author Robert Ringer independently puts it: Life is a messy business, so be nice to yourself. Let charity begin...and end...at home.

I am even more Scrooge again for my statistical purposes. In December 1984 the different kind of life is commanded take no person of what you earn and "bestow that money for what soever thy soul breatheth after care, for the sheep, or for some, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever the soul desireth." The *Leftover* author of the fibrous *Leftover* endorsed such a gesture as an annual celebration of thanksgiving, another sort of expression of gratitude to the Lord for all

the beauty in the barren sprouts.

Our present-day Ebenezer the New York Times, however. In an editorial concerning the expansion of tax credits he gave Christmas last year the paper acknowledged that the rich have "whole hives to drop," but it also argued that they are allowed to use something like 60 percent of their tax credits to support charities. This blue-powdered reservation should easily net you drop that to give most of your love loads to whatever you personally want to support. Help out a friend, or even a stranger; you hear it is bad vices even if it's not tax deductible. If you think the down-and-outs are helped by enough agencies, contribute to a Sober Living or Shakespearian or Wheels or some other cultural branch that gets you pleasure. Adopt a child or adopt a cause, like Refugees from Estonia or the Society for the Rehabilitation of Wayward Politicians and Corporate Vice-Presidents.

In short, April 15 takes you off the moral hook, but if you still want to give, give faithfully. Give till it feels good. Which means truly from the heart. —B

printed check. Your conscience still rules and you have got to scratch.

I have a suggestion. If you still feel the urge to support the United Fund, Red Cross, American Heart Association, National Army and other established charities, fine. Blue-powder reservation should easily net you drop that to give most of your love loads to whatever you personally want to support. Help out a friend, or even a stranger; you hear it is bad vices even if it's not tax deductible. If you think the down-and-outs are helped by enough agencies, contribute to a Sober Living or Shakespearian or Wheels or some other cultural branch that gets you pleasure. Adopt a child or adopt a cause, like Refugees from Estonia or the Society for the Rehabilitation of Wayward Politicians and Corporate Vice-Presidents.

In short, April 15 takes you off the moral hook, but if you still want to give, give faithfully. Give till it feels good. Which means truly from the heart. —B

THE THIRD GENERATION MONTE CARLO. IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES, APART FROM THE CROWD.

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THE LANGUAGE

BY JOHN SIMON



Teacher, Heal Thyself

There are teachers of English who could use a few lessons themselves

For us language watchers this has been the winter of our discontent. We heard about a number of New York high school principals who were dismissed for their gay samples of their prose reproduced in the press—were truly hair raising. Even more frightening, though, was the statement from the principals' union to the effect that the delinquent principals were not fired and for this reason, but for greater offense. Then came the news story about President Carter's official interpreter in Poland, who grossly misinterpreted Carter's vital state to the Poles. This may seem to have nothing to do with the uses of the English language. Let consider the following from *The New York Times* of December 31: "The interpreter did very well on the difficult qualifying examinations for both French and Russian... He was judged excellent in both languages." Note that "excellent" for some one who proceeded to translate when I left the U.S. as "what I fabricated the U.S." gave "desires for the future, on your love for the future," Francis Dunnigan as "Polak's Ducky" and so on. A curious version of linguistic exactitude, whether in Polish or in any other language.

Finally, in late November, the National Council of Teachers of English held its fifty-sixth convention in New York, and there were some rather extraordinary topics. One entire session was devoted to "Literature and Loss of Literature." Missing, with a sharp (though coincident) dearth, was an essay on the loss of literature by *now* is. A paper on "Literature and Loss of Literature" was delivered by a professor emeritus of the University of Michigan (What does it mean, "Adherence to the writings of James Agee"? Is loss of the literature of the past a loss of literature? "Using Open and Creative Techniques in High School Classes," and "Today's Tragedy as Strategy" (strategy seems to have become the leading vagary word of our educators), suggesting that the classroom has become a battlefield, perhaps a more appropriate title would have been "Today's Strategy as Tragedy".

What would Carlyle and Arnold (or, for that matter, the two great names out of the bathhouse made of "Developing Linguistic Arts/Communication Skills Through Internet Strategies") think? A good many others were scarcely better than gibberish. But

Pennsylvania State's Faculty compact?

There were any number of sessions on teaching science fiction and science writing the N.C.T.E. membership. In the way comprises elementary, secondary, and university teachers, there were several sessions for lesbians and gay men on feminist pedagogy deployed by most enviable homosexual teachers, and about gay literature, and there was, moreover, a great deal of jargon in the very titles of sessions and individual presentations, e.g., "misnomerized sex terms," "cultural sexism modules," "visual literacy," and so on.

Among the English speech titles were "Multiple Meaning of Words or Meanings in the Spoken Pages of Newspapers," "Are You Ready? Now Hear This! Get It! Get It! Get It! Deep: A Response-Centered Approach to Student Fiction," "Significance and Impact of Blake's Raids in American Culture," "Some Sex Relationships in the Contemporary Novel for Adolescents—The Future Application of Television Reading—Apres—Education for Youth That Provides a Positive Pattern of Senior Citizens," this paper, by a college professor, explores the theme of sex again (What does it mean, "Adherence to the writings of James Agee"? Is loss of the literature of the past a loss of literature?

"Using Open and Creative Techniques in High School Classes," and "Today's Tragedy as Strategy" (strategy seems to have become the leading vagary word of our educators), suggesting that the classroom has become a battlefield, perhaps a more appropriate title would have been "Today's Strategy as Tragedy".

What would Carlyle and Arnold (or, for that matter, the two great names out of the bathhouse made of "Developing Linguistic Arts/Communication Skills Through Internet Strategies") think? A good many others were scarcely better than gibberish. But

I suppose the most revealing and one some savant must have been the one entitled "Teaching Reading to College Students," where, I assume, "reading" meant nothing hateful, such as "close reading" (a. textual explication) but simply one of the three R's.

Why should college students know English when their teachers don't? In the particular session I attended, the first speaker was Princetonian William Dunnigan, then of the English department at Boston University (Ph.D.) one of whose firstثار (that is, that had just received from the women's conference in Houston) was "We were really into an exciting experiment in Houston, the rest of the week was on the same level of intensity." The next speaker, Dr. Jerome Cohn, from the Detroit public-school system in Michigan (Ph.D.), began with the statement "I reallyponded with that problem. Presently she referred to the language of whatever group that is represented. And so it was. In a pace of black tables rising from the floor, the eminent Professor George Smitherman of Wayne State University said, among other things, "The movement looks at more diversity and more choice in the types of dialects." The point of his talk was to teach all the correct English as merely a capitalistic maneuver to keep the underdogs (aged) in their place and I must say that her English showed few if any traces of such capitalist intransigence.

Harold Bloom has taken some credit for the literacy—or illiteracy—of General Sherman, a former Harvard undergraduate, and it is in the January Harvard Review of Books that I find one short robust writing as follows: "What Jane Austen has written are stories, vicissitudes of their... Now as bad enough to know that... What is not good takes the angular verb, whether the complementary noun be angular or

Eric John Shatto writes a monthly column on English usage.

Photograph by UPI/New York Times

WE HAVE TO ADMIT, EUROPEANS DO KNOW A LOT ABOUT GOOD WINE.



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INGLENOK

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THE LANGUAGE

phen? (See Pennington, *Energy and Absor-
age*) but ignorance informed in consider-
ably worse yet.

Then there was the December 11 issue of *The New York Times Magazine* (the most heavily edited section of the Sunday paper), when we read in the cover story on Jose Quintero by Barbara Grizzuti, the wife of one of the editors that Quintero "sometimes behaves as though he is a character in an O'Neill play." Do not wish to raise here the whole stupid question of the subversiveness of Inglenook, so let me merely cite Fowler's example: "It is easier through these lies to live a month and ignore a year." As if? And if so, does that make the propagandist or conundrum, not the present indecision? What I wonder has become of that useful bit of wisdom learned in all high school students: "A wise man's tendency to fact takes the conditioned?" Of course, it is understandable these days to proclaim the death of the propagandist. All that requires fairly pious canuts not to be pained by "us though he is a character."

BUT what am I talking about? Grammar at high school? Ridiculous! Consider, after all, what is happening in colleges and universities. Take the case of Dr. Campbell Tatham, tenured professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. He declares: "It seems pretty clear that the students can't write or speak in some cases. Some are more or less illiterate in writing and incoherent in talking. But those are not areas that I stress very much. What we see are stress or stressers." (And that follows directly from Joe McNally's fine article in the *Milwaukee Journal* of last October 26, sent to me by a reader, John M. Olson.)

It seems that a typical class in Tatham's English course addresses itself to a Joan Baez album. Everything from the photo graph of Baez to the liner notes is sermons. Then the song *Coriolis* is subjected to exploitation de luxe with regard to Baez's relationship with Bob Dylan. Other featured texts include stories by Jackson Browne, Jim Mitchell, Cat Stevens, Leonard Cohen, Paul Simon, Buffy Sainte-Marie, and Dylan. Besides this course, another, "The Poetry of Contemporary Young Americans," which offers us at the moment of the recall and another coffee! "Blues 'n' blues," which is an exclamation of male strengthen. He says that he seldom teaches the same course twice, because he'd rather teach things he doesn't know about. And he does. Simply to subdue, about these courses: A few "stuporous" seats in the English department "saw it as a pastime," says Tatham. "The professor. People are less likely to hassle me."

He wouldn't use the term "method." "It sounds like [sic] I know what I am

talking about. I don't. I think confusion is a very healthy state. The approach is random, the unexpected, always welcome. Then the class will discuss. But it's not a discussion with women seriously interested as much as with the men. Abandoned by his wife, the mother and son are running Dylan well. How to confront the woman in herself?" That is the ultimate goal in class, too. "For every student to confront his masculinity and feminine sides in themselves [sic]. A project accompanying the *Journal* story shows Dr. Tatham, a soft-faced young man with lots of hair, mauling his hair and "shaking his head." The writing. My own goal is to change them rather than teach them how to write a complete sentence. But it's a better and more radical way of changing most of them. I wonder, when reaching them how to write a complete sentence?" As Dr. Tatham sees it, however, "I don't think anything is essential. If people are interested in *Blues 'n' blues*, it will be taught. These things matter so long as there are students who want them. That's the criteria [sic]. What would have become of Western culture long ago. I ask, if the students' dreams had governed the curriculum? More to the point, what will happen now that the students' dreams do dominantly govern?" Dr. Tatham doesn't even notice a major self contradiction: how can you really change students by giving them what they already know or don't know? Dr. Tatham is the first to admit it. Can you imagine what will become of students trained to that in the world in such Mickey—sorry, Mickey and Minnie (the feminine side must be confronted)—McNamee culture taught by someone whose own language is substandard? Campbell Tatham may become the bear that made Milwaukee infamous.

We used to deplore the passing of the stigma for excellence from the American scene. But whenever remembers how you college taught? After all, Cancer's Polish interpreter was judged "excellent" by his superiors. Excellence pretty much died out when under the "progressive" editorism, it became hateful to be replaced by competence. But in Professor William A. Stewart, a linguist at C.U.N.Y., writes me, the present lowering of intellectual and aesthetic standards constitutes "a unified attack on competence." "What has become obvious is an intense, excruciatingly incompetence. Even in learned standards have been lowered."

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The Last Angry Men

by Richard Reeves

I began a search for heroes—for men who stood up to the system. I wanted to find out why they did it, what they accomplished

"Hey, Dick," I asked my friend Richard Cohen, "whatever happened to that guy Hamilton?"

"I don't know," he said.
"Did he go back to the *Post*?"

"No."

Cohen obviously did not want to talk about John Hamilton. They had been friends, pretty close for a couple of years after they were ambitious young reporters covering Maryland politics together for *The Washington Post*. Cohen had gone on to become a corporate reporter and columnist. Hamilton became associate Maryland editor. They joined ways on October 1, 1972, when *The Post's* pressmen vanquished the paper's pressroom and went on strike. Cohen joined the picket line and went to work. Hamilton did not.

Nobody knew at the *Post* second to went to talk about the strike in general or Hamilton in particular. I began asking out of vague curiosity. I had never seen the man. Friends just changed the subject, usually shifting their gaze to something

my left shoulder. What was going on? All I knew was that he was one of the reporters who had said that they could not stand by if management brought in strikebreakers to replace the pressmen—but a lot of reporters, most of whom would not be the type you would look at him twice. Look, he's got something very big and it looks like

Being curious about John Hamilton he chose a search for heroes—for men who stood up to the system. I wanted to find out why they did it, what happened to them, what they accomplished. When I first set out seemed crashing at first, but the price, if you are almost inevitably going to be destroyed. The men I interviewed lost jobs and friends—endured a frightening, lonely, harsh punishment by death threats and bombings. Some of their children ended up deeply disturbed and one a suicide. All of that came to seem almost predestined: to keep the rest of us in line, establishment power had to enact brutal examples of those who dared to challenge the order of things. In the end, though, it wasn't set. Because some of us had the unkindest

short—there are not many that brave in the land of the free.

The price, I thought, may be very high. It turned out to be higher than I had imagined. While I was looking for *Post* the title St. Louis out-fighter who sued police and succeeded in the reverse clause in 1968, a friend of his told me that you should look at him twice. Look, he's got something very big and it looks like

Being curious about John Hamilton he chose a search for heroes—for men who stood up to the system. I wanted to find out why they did it, what happened to them, what they accomplished. When I first set out seemed crashing at first, but the price, if you are almost inevitably going to be destroyed. The men I interviewed lost jobs and friends—endured a frightening, lonely, harsh punishment by death threats and bombings. Some of their children ended up deeply disturbed and one a suicide. All of that came to seem almost predestined: to keep the rest of us in line, establishment power had to enact brutal examples of those who dared to challenge the order of things. In the end, though, it wasn't set. Because some of us had the unkindest

National editor Richard Reeves will be based in Washington, D.C., but writes books on American politics.

Refusing a trade in 1978, Flood stated a rather basic principle, one with more than a few echoes in American history: "I am a man, not a consignment of goods to be bought and sold."

freedom that came with the only chance that we might be the next to stand up.

John Wootton had finally looked like the one guy who would stand up, but he didn't look crusty either. He was just a slight, bearded thirty-nine-year-old man who just in a \$70,000 a year job near the top of his profession because he believed in something intangible. No matter how imperfect they are, he said when we met, workers have to get a fair shake from management. If I crossed that plink line it would have tilted the balance slightly more in favor of management, and I couldn't do that.

It's just like...Huston lives only a few blocks from me in Washington, but it's a different kind of neighborhood. His house cost him \$75,000 less than one in one of the more upscale and exotic markets in the country. Still, the mortgage, taxes and utilities cost \$700 a month. He made less than \$15,000 in 1977—half his 1975 earning—from some free-lance writing and study projects for a union and a citizens group working the military budget. There's no money now for the renovation he and his wife, Debbie, began when he was at the *Pilot*. The walls and ceilings are exposed, and Huston's career dreams and windows to the left.

The money isn't tough, but you just can't live on it. Huston's wife, Linda, died in 1975. The Air Force characterize her as a deputy for management; in 1969, he was making \$71,000 a year. He made about \$20,000 a year for the next four years while he tried to get his job back, eventually agreeing that his division was responsible for test flights before Congress that cost overruns might reach \$2 billion on Lockheed's C-141 transport aircraft. He simply believed in the first principle of the truth.

He proved that point in court and the Air Force was forced to give him back an offered a salary, but no work. They try to ignore him, but that's not always easy because Fitzgerald is a gregarious man who always has a smile on his face. "Hi, White," he called to a nearby nodding man as we walked into one of the Pentagon's general offices. Who's that?

"Pete Devereux," Fitzgerald said. He used to be my military assistant. He was also T-1, one of the informants listed in the Office of Special Investigations reports when they were after me trying to prove I had a conflict of interest or was a homosexual or something. Devereux was a cultural icon. He is a major general now and budget director of the Air Force. Take almost everyone else involved in destroying Fitzgerald's career—including Defense Secretary Harold Brown, who was then the Secretary of

the Air Force—Devereux has done very well for himself.

I didn't get it at first," Fitzgerald said. "I had made more than thirty thousand dollars a year as a consultant before coming to the Air Force in 1960. My old clients wouldn't talk to me in 1970. Some body finally told me that I would be rid of the defense business. They told me I should open a gas station if I wanted to work."

Blacklisting is in the frequent right of the Air Force. Money is not enough to buy off the people who believe he personified the Air Force. "I'm not the only one of the 100,000,000 people in the country who is one of the best career soldiers in the recent history of the business that calls itself the Great American Pasture," he says now, and he hasn't really worked for the past three years—not since spending \$100,000 in legal fees and returning home from five tortious years in Europe. What he wants to work in is baseball—"C'mon, I've got a job." But he is convinced that he is the last man baseball will ever trust. He says—and is reminded of it every day—the black man who used politics to himself over to legislative shenanigans, never to change. When his case was filed in 1969, the defense finally found each plaintiff to one man—that he could be what they alleged or, less likely, the government.

Flood died in 1978, refusing to trade his life at St. Louis Cardinals or the Philadelphia Phillies. He stated a rather basic principle this, one with more than a few echoes in American history: "I am a man, not a consignment of goods to be bought and sold."

The United States Supreme Court ruled two years later that that was true unless you were a baseball player. He lost, but his final case had only set in motion a series of events that won those rights for other men, people like Reggie Jackson, who was able to settle his lawsuit in the New York Yankees' \$100,000 a year. But by 1981, Carl Flood was home alone in Alameda, California.

Please, please, don't come out here, behind silver French doors by telephone. Don't bring it all up again. Please. Do you know what I've been through? Do you know what it means to go against the grain in this country? Your neighbor's house? Do you know what it is like to be called the little black son of a bitch who tried to destroy baseball, the American Pasture?"

Wearied, and finally he agreed to meet me at a prison high school in Sacramento. A friend had asked him to speak at Martin Luther King Day assembly. Most of the kids did not know who he was and asked the question you'd expect: How many years did you play with the Cardinals? What was your lifetime batting average?

"How many hours did you bat? How many World Series did you play in? What was the most money you made?" Twenty, 250, 300. Nothing. Then, again. Boston, New York, and Detroit. A hundred and ten thousand dollars the last year. But a fourteen-year-old named Eddie Mergens did know what Carl Flood had done. "What did the free agents give you? Who they write you to think you're out?"

No, Flood said. "No one has called. At that moment, he looked very alone and small. He had the face of an old, old man, and his voice was clear, commanding. And he made others feel that way. When he talked about the owners of baseball, Flood said, "I suddenly realized that it was just me against nineteen million fans. For a long time he looked into the simple vodka he was drinking, then said, "The first trial in New York lasted six weeks. No one showed up. Not one ballplayer came. My room mate didn't come. I roomed with Bob Gibson for ten years. Maybe I wouldn't have showed up either. I wouldn't have been afraid, too."

That isolation is a more bizarre price than the money. The American know exactly what they are doing when they share a brotherhood, or do the Massays when they share a console or a supermarket. Fitzgerald, who now considers himself a "survivor," returned to his office after studying about the Lockheed coverup. There were the happenings of a small pile of cold messages on his secretary's desk—each one a canceled invitation to a meeting, party or dinner. Huston looked down at his shoes when he talked about one old friend, Carl Bernstein, former and still using a parking garage just down the ramp into his one-woman war the *Pilot*. Huston had called him for help during the strike, believing like many reporters that the *Pilot* had won their union job before Washington. Bernstein had said, "It's a work both ways." Devereux, Huston's current son-in-law, everywhere and everywhere again when the two reacquainted from the old days. "It triggers too many memories to see an old friend," her husband said. "It just hurts too much."



Cory Flood, former St. Louis Cardinal outfielder, has spent 1981 fighting baseball's reserve clause. He's in a lonely hotel room.

His only son, Johnny, once said: "You have no idea what it's like being Frank Johnson's son... ."
A year after he said that, Johnny Johnson committed suicide in his father's guarded home.

Twenty-two years, since he gave Martin Luther King Jr. his first victory, ruling that a black woman named Rose Parks could sit anywhere she wanted to on a Montgomery bus. That and a hundred to catty unsympathetic decisions like it did not cost Frank Johnson any money. But it never may have cost him appointment to the United States Supreme Court because of the liberal opposition of the Alabama congressional delegation and it may have cost him much more. His only son, Johnson, who was harassed in classrooms and on the streets all through school, once said: "You have no idea what it's been like being Frank Johnson's son... . There has always been some thing to keep on edge." A year after he said that, Johnny Johnson committed suicide in his father's guarded home.

Johnson does not like to talk about himself, but his friends explain him by pointing to a three-word answer he once gave when asked about principle: "Put low the line." He is a Republican and had never been involved in civil rights or any thing like it when he was appointed a fed and district court judge by President Eisenhower in 1955. He dealt with the cases that eventually filed a class action in trouble in the 1960s, when the Alabama poll tax, abiding the red-neck power of judges of the people, disapproving the state legislature, intruding the state police. And they stayed in for a while.

The troubles—and Johnson, if it is not—come gradually, uneventfully. Ernest Fitzgerald says that the people who think he is a hero and the people who hate him, have forgotten that he did not exactly return a hearing room in the New Senate Office Building, demanding that the government clean up waste in defense spending. He was asked directly, by Senator William Proxmire, about the secretary of congressional reports that the CIA was running \$2 billion over Air Force cost estimates. Johnson had Fitzgerald staffed immediately for a few sentences and concluded: "Your fig-ures are approximately right."

Johnson went to bed and did not take a look at the Proxmire staff at her self. He was just another guy, a member of the Newspaper Guild who headed the union's boring, internally politicized meetings, when the tangled history of confrontation between conservatism and Liberal 5 of the Newspaper and CIO Communications Union came to violence in 1975. After beating up the pressmen, more or less depending on which sides damage estimates one chose in belief, and beating up a fireman, the pressmen threw their picket line around the Post building. Almost at once, Johnson called his house and said: "I can't cross it

later court testimony. What he did not know was that his enemies were already having prepared for Secretary Harold Brown in how to get rid of him. On this a memo in the Secretary's office on the day of his last talk was headed "Re: Fitzgerald quitting his job" and included the instruction: "Properly handle responses to questions."

Fitzgerald, who was then forty-two years old, had struck desperation to know and the inner life of the failed military industrial complex. By exposing cost overruns, he was attacking the very tenuously high overhead charged by defense contractors. What that meant was already explained to him once by an Air Force general: "Look, Fitzgerald. You're going to score in a year or two and I'll become part of some contractor's overhead. If I cut overhead allowances, I'll be cutting my own throat."

He was going to be hit hard and the people along a way going to laugh at newspaper parliament over why the Pentagon would make a martyr of him. What they did was good, said Fitzgerald, because he had to tell me again years later in his defense office.

"They were offering an object lesson to everyone else. They got to make an example of people who are out of line."

They beat it in business schools—communicating by clouds. They can say

whistle blowing is wonderful as long as they show what happens to people who try it."

Management called Carl Flood on October 8, 1969. The man on the phone was Jim Toomey, assistant to the general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals of the National League. "Can you've been invited to Philadelphia?" he said. MacAvoy, Johnson, and Bryan Bremm, the pitchers Albie Pearson and Jerry Johnson. Good luck, Carl. First he thought he would just retire—he was thirty-two and might have only two or three good years left—but on December 31 he decided to try sending a letter to baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn that said: "I do not feel that it is a piece of property to be bought and sold irrespective of my wishes." Kuhn answered: "I certainly agree with you that you as a human being, are not a piece of property to be bought and sold.... However, I cannot see an application in the situation at hand."

He spent the summer of 1970, in his words, "bedding and housing—and watching his rate and his career housed through the federal judiciary to the Supreme Court. It was destined to end up there because what Flood was challenging was housed a unique exception from U.S. antitrust laws, an exemption



John H. Hawn, who refused to cross the picket line, with his wife and children in his "barely furnished" Washington home.



Charles Fiterman, editor of *The Washington Monthly*, in his home, which is barely furnished to finance his crowding magazine.

A woman at the bar, a woman he did not know, began to cry and said: "John, someday you'll be able to tell your kids what you did. I don't know what the rest of us are going to say."

sanctioned in 1932 by the Supreme Court because baseball was, after all, America. In 1971, he made a sad, 10th-inning comeback with the Washington Senators, but it was gone—he couldn't bat the high-fiftieth ball. Already starting his day with a beer and ending with vodka martinis, people who were watching him play hardly flood-disengaged; he fled to Magazine and bought part of a small hall and reneged on what he called the "Ricic Rule," which said that if you were 21, 1971, or 10 days after it happened, that's when you read *The American Aloud*. Johnson, that he had led in the Supreme Court, the score was 53. The baneless saint at dispensing the justices who stood against him attacked the reserve clause, but they had that Congress, not the Court, was responsible for remedying such an obvious injustice.

In Sacramento, after Flood was told the students had just seven years of his life were left. There were two television sportscasters waiting for him. Croghan Sanders of KRTV was first requesting the old question: Are these two salaries really enough? "Aren't basketball players really overpaid?" Arvin was trying to get in when Arvin was still his black skin of a then? Flood was still pointing out that Louisville is making more money than ever and asking how such a Budget. And on to Tom Sorenson, worth when all of these people were willing to go to such a school? "I think the answer is yes," said Bill Mueller, a twenty-one-year-old black man who works for KCRW when he is not in 202 and earning \$30,000 a year with the San Francisco Giants. "Would you do it again?" Are you inclined from Louisville?" "Would you like to go back in?" Yes. Yes Sir.

Macduff, who is one of the best influences of the reserve clause modifications, the Major League Baseball Players Association was in orbitation in the year after the Ford case, was also in one of Ford's when he was let go four later. You know, if I went for Carl Ford I wouldn't be living or that he know and getting a couple of thousand dollars for going to a banquet. I grew up in Decatur, Illinois. I love to play a game. He was good. In fact a year. You need your best soldier out to stand and he doesn't come back. But he's not there to tell about the story.

He says he's doing fine. That's not true, is it?"

He's the most sensitive man I'll ever meet; he's like an exposed nerve," said Richard Carter, who helped Flood write a book in 1971. And the month that rotted baseball had an unerring instinct for how to hurt Carl Flood. The owner's and all their sons' sports managers said over and over again that it was Flood who was trying to hurt people, that this greedy little man was trying to take their franchise away.

Platigard is no doubt a too match and expert, but he can be given very low marks in loyalty, and after all, loyalty is the name of the game. Only is his ground would like his official business gravitates as far from normal channels. We should let him bleed for a while at least.

always having people being charged whatever they call you — the thing about being black, he was saying, was that it would never go away.

Investigations with interests in product or services to keep up with us at whipping pressure or building up public image

...concerns the individual by questioning his motives, availability, safety or sexual preferences. The violation is usually straightforward and if not violence comes next. Frank's mother's house was broken in 1967 and like a couple of the others, he receives death threats that come like Christmas cards. When Ernie Fitzgerald's SCUM testimony was publicly supported by a moderate capitalist

Relocation seems to be the cost of the land. Newsmen always implore a new subdivision in the land, but it emerges as a very old, especially in a self-reliant, rural society. The land is not individualized so much like a man, he didn't mean going along, covering my ass. There are so few men, so many acres. Why?"

One of the people with whom I wanted to talk about that was Charles Peters, the publisher and editor of the *Every Little Wisconsin Month*. He's not the last one and he has not faced crushing oppo-



Einige Filmmaterialien der Filmgruppe 0211 werden ebenfalls von der Hochschule für Musik und Theater Berlin bereitgestellt.

whose best he is pretending, in every man's heart.

He leaves a message much like my father's, and if he did not have a signature so spelt the word, Peters would go closer to doing saying, "We need more taxes." We need people who are willing to shed their institutional encumbrance and stand or fall on the basis of their actual performance. Since we have to have everybody working for somebody and a location test. You do it because the people are involved in money. That's why we have to protect the Lincoln's son and go after poor Ernie Eason.

Peters walked out of his feather bed in 1968, leaving a prototyped \$25,000-a-year GS job as director of evaluation of the Peters Corps to manage his little magazine in a much more feather bed, usually with thoughtful exports of the doings of the federal bureaucracy. Since then he has been playing his instrument \$70,000 a year, transmogrifying his income. The young Washington real-estate market has been his biggest breaker and recently he's into the bigs for \$40,000.

Charlie Petrie sees the energy of a nation going down the drain as people become more mobile and have to identify one another with budgets—budgets that are steadily flattened in answer to the second question, "Who are you with?" That's what's most depressing of all," he said. "The compulsion of man to seek their spurious connections and then demand they be satisfied." He has not had a practical answer to that compulsion, so he had little to say.

in the greater safety of non-*beta* on the slopes.

something they perceive to be in them they are. The classic example is the beautiful girl problem of a disturbed person. If one wants to do anything when she says hello, she'll sit in silence to make your heart skip a beat, and then wonder whether her eyes are still wondering. If you say yes or no, she'll bark at you. *New York Times*, or *Amene Carter*.

is tantalizing for other reasons than the lesson, there's always "the look." That was taught to me by a pony I found at home. This horse was over ten years old, and he'd never even talked about going to Past. "We know each other or that," thought Pragmatic and said that families are like the past families are mostly strange.

After a thousand reasons, not to name the Washington Post, and I read most of them, "It was very nice," Mrs. Biggs said.

Part of me said, "Yeah go back,"
Brennan said. "But I kept thinking that if this had happened sometime else, the
Press would be documenting it. They'd be
saying, 'Okay, this issue needs a reporter,
but there are people involved here.
An all week I'd never been tested. I was
a reporter. I could sit back in judgment of
other people.' Now I think it was a principle

A memo to Haldeman spelled out the reasoning: " Fitzgerald is no doubt a top-notch cost expert, but he must be given very low marks in loyalty; and loyalty is the name of the game."

resigned). What happened seemed odd to me. I know one person was trying to make a difference. But he can try 5 more."

Why? Why John Haldeman? Or Fitzgerald or Flood? Frank Johnson? Their backgrounds were quite different and only Johnson's suggested that he was born and raised in the when he is today. The judge is a true son of "The Free State of Winston," a rugged northern Alabama hill country that had the basically independent mountain men who fought with the Union in the Civil War. Winston has not changed that much since a local named Curtis spent the ten years after the war tracking down the Confederate soldiers involved in the northern deaths of his three brothers. He fought each of his survivors alone. Research the rules. He was only interested on the bench. Judge Johnson is that kind of man even if his sense of justice is more modern. His wife stopped going to church with him because he would stand bulletproof when the preachers were too puritan for her. He is rigid certain in his convictions, among them that men should not be afraid of the black smoke, unfriendly egomaniacs chew good tasting Red Man and stick with Schitzo, the only drink here for a man to drink."

John Haldeman is from Fort Dodge, Iowa. He always wanted to be a newspaperman and began working for the local paper when he was a teen age boy. That work took him into the business world, and he got into politics and law and became a congressional representative. In fact, that gave him a somewhat different attitude toward black collar workers than that of his colleagues at the Post. After earning a journalism degree at the University of Iowa, he went to the Davenport Daily Times as a sportswriter, eventually took off for Washington and worked his way up from The Montgomery County (Alabama) Sunbeam to The Washington Star, and finally the Post in 1968. The Davenport paper was notorious, so he knew what it was to work for \$90 a week when Gold papers were paying in the \$1200 to \$200 range. The people he worked with tended to consider him in the same way solid, reasonably fibrous. He was to tell and probably never would be told a Post editor offered him the chance to come out on his own managing beat on the transportation staff, a couple of months before the strike began.

Edgar, who has a word to go, loaded a few times about Fitzgerald and Johnson—and sometimes too bluntly was used for both. The same could have been said about Flood, who went a long way with when he jingly talk, just that

little body...

But "People" was the word that fitted him. He was clever in I could cause to sign him out in understanding why they are lessons...and to see they are thermal energy of time. They were not renewables—Fitzgerald has because one is frustrated one—they did not go far looking for a battle, for dragons, arsenals and armadas. They are difficult from Ralph Nader and Daniel Ellsberg who are not simple men. I don't think Frank Johnson would have taken on the whole South unless the civil rights cases were brought to his court, his house. Carl Flood may have wanted nothing more than to stay out of Philadelphia, he would not have been the first to tell you John Haldeman was nominated to get a good job for a principal he had hardly thought of over the years.

John's everything he seems to be, said Elizabeth Becker, a Post reporter who worked with Haldeman during the strike and that won't budge. "How many people can you say that of in a lifetime? John is a simple man, and I mean that in the best sense of the word. He is in clear man. He sees clearly."

In Ernest Fitzgerald's case, the Air Force's special investigation elicited lots of confessions of interest and interesting sexual behavior, but it did quote one in turn out to having said: "Mr. Fitzgerald was Stevens and dedicated not things were either black or white, right or wrong, and usually for one atmosphere the press he was around." Fitzgerald doesn't argue with that. "I didn't do anything I didn't do my whole life only it was in public this time. And that same Fitzgerald rules were the ones that were right."

So what? So, as John Haldeman said they had, Frank Johnson made a big fuss in the country. The others doubt that they have. Most people think it is an insult, and Fitzgerald who now owns \$400,000 in the legal firm's stock to get his back with no work to do in it. "The main frustration is that I always seem to do that much good." "Maybe there's a cumulative public impact though, maybe be getting out of here, but the defense industry may work."

Edgar, who has a word to go, loaded a few times about Fitzgerald and Johnson—and sometimes too bluntly was used for both. The same could have been said about Flood, who went a long way with when he jingly talk, just that

the moments of triumph too fine and too stay eight years had him to a great extent a succession of living but ties. Yet he was not in it to pay, or to shed tears over, or to offer charity. For from having been human he was ascendant...he was still in the more rewarding nothing commanding nothing challenging everything...causing the right sorts who knew the arts of control.

There wasn't enough people left who get most plain and raw food for a cause at a purpose, but generally made all the bushels and bread. We will stand for good, we will stand for the right, we are more to be had. That's when he was different. He knew he was being elected and he didn't like it one tiny bit. He was the last angry man.

No, Abrahams was not the last. Neither is Fitzgerald. If he was, then who are the people who keep slipping Defense Department documents under his door? At home and in his Pentagon office Fitzgerald attacked envelopes containing memos and statements, documents, mailing bags and small outlays in defense spending. As soon as he gets this papers and figures them out, they had their way into post on back Abrahams' columns, in Charles Peters' magazine. Part of the cumulative effect. Some people in there were enough to get those things to Fitzgerald, and someday more people out there will be enough to get those things to him. They would be only last, before some man like Ernest Fitzgerald have done a lot for the rest of us. Zevier—the strip artist who knows the arts of control—does have to take into account that anyone could be the next angry man. They can start on Ernest Fitzgerald, but because of his family Durban pays up to plague them. They can beat Carl Flood just because of him they have to live with Reggie Jackson and a lot of talented looks they haven't heard of yet. Man like Flood and Fitzgerald did it for all of us and we seen them, maybe because we're advance of ourselves. Maybe, because we're too embarrassed to admit that they're still here.

People, Debs, Harkahan said, don't say that they're not. Post we sad John has never been happy. I've never been happier. He's a free man.

Yes he is. After the last picket from the pressmen's union finally gone up in March 1971, John Harkahan walked into the Post Pub, the Minneapolis Post's drinking place. A woman at the bar, a woman he did not know who took classified ads on the telephone, got up and hugged him. She began to cry and said "John, you're going to be able to tell your kids what you did. I don't know what the rest of us are going to say." 44

Sorel

The Way We Live Now: Life at the Top



Getting Away from It All with Billy Kidd

Photographs by Co Rentmeester

When a ski-resort director needs to take a day off, naturally he goes cross-country skiing—and it helps to be dressed for it



Five a.m.: Pre-breakfast. Pilot (right) has been up all night to rescue Indian athlete (which requires 77,000' table top) for 45

The sun is just up on Baldy Euro-Pass, high in the Colorado Rockies, but already there is a commotion on a frozen slope just a few hundred yards off U.S. Route 491. Five men in parkas are working feverishly to get the ten-degree cold air囊囊ed in an unlikely container. It's a single-walled flexible balloon made of green and yellow polyester. Forty-three pound propane gas tank in a jet-powered engine, cross-ties, tent lines, aluminum barrels and a one-hundred-fifty-pound winter carriage that, when inflated, will 80 former world champion skier Billy Kidd and his lugger pilot, Ian Antipole, to the thirty-five twelve thousand feet above Steamboat Springs. From this height all the previous healing and soffing and grafting will seem strictly mundane stuff. Here is where the adventure begins.

Balloons have been used since 1783. They have been used for purposes sacred and profane: to smuggle Goberto out of Paraguay during the French-Paraguayan War; to protect London from the Luftwaffe during the blitz; to discover the vice-president; to drop hang gliders from thirty-eight thousand feet over California. There are 1,021 registered hot-air balloons in the United States. This one is being used in a different balloonistic activity at the mercy of the winds, so you're never exactly sure where you'll land. But then, of course, there is the simulation of the thing, which gives the four-in-one wake-up call: it is not quite conceivable.

With a whoosh and a roar, Silver Pass, its owner calls the balloons because of its great big, clean, stand of high blue spruce trees, and Billy Kidd is off like a going cross-country skier about. The arid, winds permitting, will set him down about ten miles east of Steamboat Springs. He will have an entire day along snowbound trails. At night he will pitch a tent about two miles from Steamboat, and he will be back home for

breakfast early the next day. If you are Billy Kidd, this kind of time alone is not so easy to come by.

None out of ten Coloradans use the same two words to describe anything that goes on within their state: The words are "last bus." Billy Kidd does not use the term himself, but he is, as they say, last bus. What does he do for a living, he asked. "I'm director of skiing for Steamboat," he says, "but that is just a fancy title for hanging around." It is a little more complicated than that.

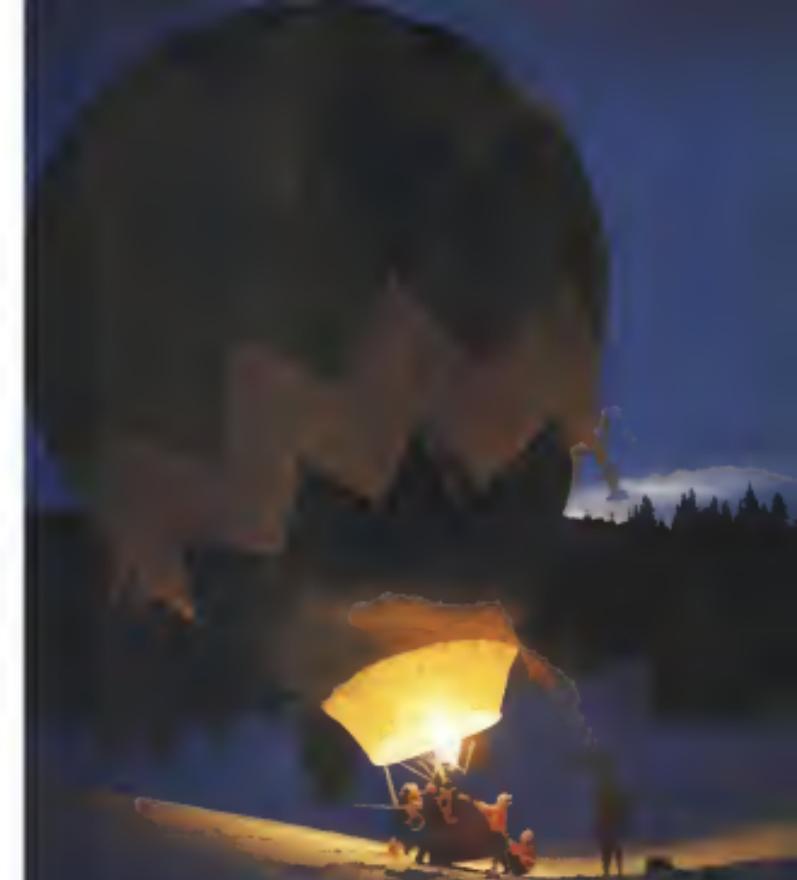
He is, after all, handsome, a septuagenarian, married to a beautiful young woman, and the father of a year-old son. He wears a small gold ring on his carabiner, a core of ice in his pocket, a small dog tag in his carabiner, a core of ice in his pocket. He wears a small dog tag in his carabiner, a core of ice in his pocket. His trademark is a state-of-the-art, with a band of phonetic festoons and an incongruous tie. He won a silver medal for the citizen in the 1968 Olympics and in 1970 was both world amateur and professional champion.

The title, director of skiing, means that he is Steamboat's resident celebrity. In addition to his salary, he seems to have two daily duties: mopping and shoveling with the public in one o'clock on Mount Werner, and saying admiring things about Susan Bann. After seven years of this, Susan refuses to let it end. It's one of the most breathtaking ski runs in the world—in Chile, Switzerland, Iran—it is equally odds. Of course, there's no skiing in the world like the Colorado Rockies. It is a credit to Billy's charm that this manages to sound more matter-of-fact than Madison Avenue.

Sauvion, a director of skiing site designs and tests skis for K2, has said that he would never go Parachuting. "I'm not a special thrill-seeker," he says, "but during the fall he becomes a skydiving chile and then around the U.S. discussing the virtues of Steamboat and the Rockies in that order. Some days he is up in Montana, coaching winter camp camps. Recently he was in Japan coaching a Japanese college team and schussing down Mount Four. In January he went to Gstaad, Switzerland, to sit with the mistress and her children.

Other projects include directing a three training program for eight to thirteen-year-olds, doing race commentary for ABC's "Wide World of Sports," driving snowmobiles for television advertising in Alpine Cat catalogues down Mount Werner in a promotional shoot, trying to sit down a massive amount of crushed ice and a hundred pounds of (practically) Steamboat Springs powder snow in Central Park, New York, for a "Today" show spot, writing a book entitled "All in the Sky" (working on getting it on People's Republic of China's team to the 1980 Olympics), plotting a third descent of Mount Kilimanjaro, and getting up at all hours for magazine fashion shooting sessions. All this, and making

Five-thirty a.m.: Lift-off. With a few simple wind brawlers, like tree stumps, to steady himself for a start, the pilot, perched on the rim of the carriage, slides the litter into the center of the balloon and thus blests areas like the secret master of a B-17.





Seven-a-morn Airshow: Anti's balloon, Sweet Pea on left, meets another member of the Balloon Round 1995, 20th anniversary flying over Mountainair's Stratford Springs. The balloons

have been fully equipped (i.e. not deflated) near Del Norte, in northern Colorado (elevation 10,000 ft) 20th July 2001. From memory, this early morning, when the sun is high for

breakfast, the balloons make a regular rendezvous in Stratford Springs. A new three mile in Sweet Pea or Anti, circa 540. For reservations, call owner David Lever at 303

879-7151. Both are built using hot-air major envelope, the reader air is more stable and less prone to thermal rise, it allows one set a wider dive in unflooded prairie meadows.



Right a.m.: Landings. Kidd's point-to-point, 1,040-mile round-trip from his base of Moreno's World of Sporting Goods, also as well as to the North Face, located in Berkeley, California



Right-These a.m. Prior winter Timberland amercous-wool waterproof boots, ideally suited for use in deep snow. They have Vibram wedge soles, cost \$100 at all Bloomingdale's stores.

Steamboat famous, is work—no matter if it makes you load of grass with money.

The balloon that takes him away from his particular region drifts up toward the continental divide. The ground crew—enthusiasts, contemplating the prepossessing sight of the round, gaudy, swollen thing to come—open the simple packhorses of Sleeping Giant Mountain near Kebble and call to get blood flowing through cold hands.

Looked at from the carriage of a hot-air balloon, the world is kaleidoscopic, reverent. A plane moves so fast it's up the clouds, but a balloon travels at the speed of the prevailing wind. The sun is now up over the Rockies, and the Yampa River valley below looks like a U.S. Geological Survey map. Route 66 with similar landmarks of history on the way to Steamboat, a trout hatchery, the golf courses, Adelphi, Shoshoni, trailer parks, sparsely, sparsely human grazing on buttes of hay, black Argus butts, green pines. A granite half-mountain in the distance Yampa. A six-horsepower Rio Grande freight train sounds a bellow, horns screaming. A one-engine Marquis, having cleared an takeoff pattern, banks in closer for a peek at the balloon. (He is not at all pleased; it comes too close, within thirty yards.) To the southwest, off toward Crested Butte, there is a *crumple* and an expression of awe as a Steamboat ski patrol team sets off an avalanche with a dynamic charge. Overhead, at forty thousand feet, two F-101s are intercepting from Peterson Air Force Base out west from Colorado, a perfect slate-blue sky. It is early morning in America, it is busy.

Undoubtedly, this infinite perch can be the most peaceful place on earth. Provided certain things do not happen. One is thermals. Thermals are vertical spirals of air caused by warm air rising off the ground. They play havoc with balloons. But it's thermal and you can go from an altitude of fifty feet to a thousand feet in a minute. Understandably, this makes balloons nervous, to say nothing of passengers. Today, thermals will be no problem. As long as there's snow on the ground, the sun always does and doesn't generate currents of warm air.

Another kind of nemesis to avoid in a balloon is in any other aircraft, come to think of it: high-tension wires. Balloons speak of high-tension wires, and even the most forty-eight-volt aereophoreline, the very numbers speak of roofs, corn heads, goat spud. On the trip to Routt National Forest, Bill Kidd and his are not worried about the high tension wires below, which look too much like miniature trees to be menacing. But on another occasion, the ride was less serene.

Bill, his pilot and another passenger were flying down the valley at the end of a long day. It was one of those days ideal for ballooning, or anything, a layer of snow and a glorious sky affluvia with a Colorado winter sunset. Then everything changed, becoming remarkably unkind luck, as they realized they had come to rest on power lines. Sparks flew off the bottom of the carriage. The passenger made ready to jump. There was a bad sound, flaring and crackling. With only seconds to go before the entire basket and balloon ignited, the pilot ripped off his thick leather World War II aviator's jacket, wrapped it around his head, reached over and grabbed the wire to free it from the carriage.

"I felt the unseasonable going up my arm," the pilot said later, "but it's going right through me." According to the Steamboat Springs utility company, that line carries forty-nine thousand

Right-a.m.: Steamboat bound. Winded wearer with Jack punch pocket is in Robert Stack for Country Roads 377, at all Bloomingdale's stores. Giro ski socks, \$13.95; down catenary jacket, \$29.75; fresher-and-tidy-clash gloves, \$12.50; all three available from L.L. Bean Inc., Freeport, Maine. Cross-country skis and poles by Trak. Glasses by Scott U.S.A.





Three p.m.: Crossing paths. Face under from Skinshead. Kaldi's pack shows that of fallen skiers in full wind.



Six p.m.: Warming. Kaldi warms his legs when out with a friend. His pack carries his trout, bedding and change of gear.

volts. His body had been presented until it had been running the pilot would have looked like a piece of overcooked bacon.

That, however, is another story. The morning break has carried the balloon over a field near the continental divide. Billy Kaldi is not, however, his pack containing just enough for the next twenty-four hours: cheese, bread, sugar, coffee, biscuits, an axe, sleeping bag, change of clothes. It is quiet in these woods. Soon Kaldi is alone again and Billy is off on a trail that, unlike the high-speed downhill courses of the racing days at the crowded public slopes of Mount Werner, cuts gently through a stand of aspens and meanders privately back to Skinshead.

There is a line from Fredric Brown's novel, *A Fan's Note*, describing a trail ride: it is not lovely, too comical to exclude. "I began to perceive the oddly comforting sensation of according to be very lost in the world, of being in some place apart from the trifles concerns and trinket sorrows of men, in a glacial and aquatic haven where a man, having been hard used by the world or having had himself hard, might go and ask himself where things had gone wrong."

—Christopher Buckley

Six a.m.: Early start. Cross country, north of Steamboat by A.M.F. (Mold Sportsmen 200 Alpinecross Blue pack road 372, a product of Cascade Mountainwear and available at Sierra Designs, Berkeley, California. Socks are by Wigwam.





Want To Start A War?

by Anthony Sampson

Sam Cummings, king of the small-arms trade, is able to supply everybody, so the killing can begin

His style is as conservative impeccable and elegant that one might guess, if he stepped up in a detective story, that there was something suspicious about him. He has the appearance of a scholarly schoolboy, with a bookish taste, and he looks much younger than his fifty years. He talks quickly and conversely, making cosy references to his family life. He does not smoke or drink, and he likes to dress in a clerical style, with a white shirt and tie. He travels, as little as possible, in first class. He enjoys making purchases, and he gives generously with an airiness that beyond laugh that is hard to fathom. This is clearly a well rehearsed personality, the polished ease of the salesman. Not many people would guess that this is the most successful dealer in small arms in the world—Sam Cummings, the dean of the profession.

Of course, as Cummings is the first to point out, his own business is but a small fraction of the total world arms trade and has little to do with the greatest part in the sales of advanced weaponry that has transformed the economics of California—California, and from its empire derived interests in Iran and Saudi Arabia.

British author Anthony Sampson's *Death of the world arms trade: The Arms Bazaar* was published last year by Victor Gollancz.

Arms exports from the United States worth \$12 billion a year, consist primarily of aircraft, missiles and electronic systems, which are outside Cummings' focus; the most important arms sales, moreover, in a commercial sense, are not individual interests like Cummings' gunsmith services in the Pentagon or in foreign ministries of defense, or vice presidents of aerospace corporations. The setting for a major arms deal is usually an old hall, encrusted with age-old furniture, or a large room in which an Astoria is overwhelmed with a crowd of heroes, by a minister of defense or brightly in uniform, where long and lucid negotiations take place between civil servants and aerospace executives.

But to understand the real workings and ramifications of the arms trade, it is necessary to look at the more personal and comprehensive trade of Sam Cummings.

In the first place, in the hundred or so wars since the Second World War, small arms have been responsible for most of the killing. Whatever the aerial battles that can be achieved by fighters, bombers and missiles, it is the machine guns, mortars and old-fashioned rifles that are still the most practical and available weapons in the third world countries that have fought in most of these wars (see box on next page).

In the typical place, Sam Cummings is a global entrepreneur and breaker who by

the nature of his operation enjoys a much wider perspective than the big deal beneficiaries. He sits in the center of a spider's web, its threads spread round the world, and waits for the orders, and inquiries that whether he can supply them or not provide him with a continuous sense of the world's tensions and extremes of war. Thus placed, he feels no responsibility for the human folly that has been responsible for the fatalities.

Cummings' web, the world's web of a hundred thousand individual entrepreneurs and dealers who are associated into state banks, business schools and swinging profits. It is here that the day to day juxtaposition of death and commerce seems most causal, where the sale of guns seems to boil in any other business. It is perhaps Cummings' most remarkable achievement that with his cool and gentlemanly style he makes the business of killing seem boring.

Born in America, Cummings has an English grandfather and an English passport. He married a Swiss woman and has twin daughters by her. In Monte Carlo, where he has his headquarters, he leads a properly Monégasque life. He is an honorary president of the Casino de Monte Carlo and reportedly does a little gambling on the Monte Carlo with his wife and daughters. But his family cannot ignore the rare privilege of Monégasque citizenship, and there is a certain pride

Opposite page: Sam Cummings's home

Manila, where he feels right at home among the ornaments of the *Grand Hotel*

Photograph by Eric Aho/Magnum

MARCH 1974/ESQUIRE 49

One Hundred and Fifty

A grim reminder of why the arms market will continue bullish

A hundred or so wars since the Second World War, says Anthony Sampson, and every one a potential marketplace for arms contractors and brokers. Look at them all.

Not every war is a full-scale war of course, technically speaking, there have been over 100 wars since 1945, and you can ignore the few that are the most tiny three years ago, but there have been conflicts all along the globe—or, in one historian's judgment, if there were no more than 100 conflicts then, in which there was no war somewhere in the world. That same professor calculated that in the past three decades some twenty-five million souls have perished in battle, a figure representing more military fatalities than were incurred in both world wars combined. What to call these skirmishes? Skirmishes? Struggles? Hostilities? Battles? Certainly when number of participants, number of causalities—should Spain be in the dozen? Up to the Chinese civil war, and the Balkan civil war with all the bloodshed the death toll deserves equal billing? Definition is always a factor. Do the twenty-five million veterans and the 100 million battle deaths not bring us on the same line? How to differentiate the large-scale violent, unsuccessful operations from the smoothly initiated, successful ones?

These questions divide war scholars, academics, and Pentagon officials alike, and the answer won't be found here. We've used one of the broader parameters in compiling this list: the assistance of the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, the following list of wars and where significant and available body counts. Some will no doubt point out conflicts we've chosen not to include others will say our criteria are not rigorous enough. Given the eversynergistic as to where serious disputes escalates to a "proximate confrontation," we say a war is a proxy war, and on that grounds map the Stockholm's figures. The result is an average of twelve wars going on somewhere in the world. See, for instance, for Sirs Commanders: Wars, not some quirky eschatological pastime, or a fall down the stairs, rather, it looks even we can rely on an even-odds product, like a phone bill in the mailbox or a hangover after a night out. We can count on war—every day, every year. How neat! How tidy! War is just another's way of saying Spring cleaning time! War is here to stay

1949	Indochina: 1948-1954	55,000
1950	Indonesian revolution	185-1948—3400
	Algeria-France	3000
	Iran-Soviet Union: 1945-1957	
1951		
1952	Chinese civil war: 1948-1949	180,000
	Greek civil war: 1946-1949	45,000
1953		
1954	Lygia-Poland	1,000-600
	Portuguese revolt	1000
	Maltese uprising	1500
	Taiwan-Korea	
1955		
1956	Arab-Israeli war: 1948-1967	4000
	Brunei-Malaya: 1948-1966	1000
	Indonesian civil war: 1948-1967	1000
	India-Hyderabad	1000
	Costa Rica-Nicaragua	
	Colombian insurgency: 1948-1994	450,000
	Yemeni rebellion	
	Berlin crisis	
1957		
1958	Cuban revolution: 1957-1959	
	China-India border wars	
	Spanish Morocco border conflict	
	Bolivia-Nicaragua	
1959		
1960	Lebanese uprising	
	Jordanian civil war	
	Bosnian coup	
1961		
1962	Tibetan rebellion	10,000
	Laotian civil war: 1979-1981	10,000
	Thailand-Cambodia	
	Vietnam-Vietnam: 1959-1975	
	Portuguese civil war: 1974-1976	
1963		
1964	Korean War: 1950-1953	1,900,000
	China-Tibet	
	Burma border conflict: 1950-1954	
1965		
1966	Bolivia-Iraq: 1961-1993	
1967		
1968	Cyprus war of independence: 1972-1974	
	Iran-Mosul terrorism in Kenya: 1970-1980	
	France-Tunisia: 1952-1963	
	France-Morocco: 1952-1963	
	Bolivia insurgency	450
1969		
1970	Peru-Papua coup	
	East Berlin uprising	
1971		
1972	Iraq-Kurdish tribes	
	Yemen-Arab Republic civil war: 1963-1970	3000
	Naga insurgency in India: 1954-1987	
	China-Taiwan: 1954-1996	1000
	Guatemala civil war	
1973		
1974	Masai and Dinka rebellion: 1955-1999	
	Quebec and Metis islands: 1975-1998	

Wars Since WWII

1975	Greek Cyprus-Turkish Cyprus	1000
	South Vietnamese coup	
	Sierra Leonean	
	Malaya-Indonesia	
	Kenya-Somalia: 1963-1987	
	Dominican Republic rebellion	
	Somalia-Ethiopia	
	Republic of the Congo rebellion: 1963-1999	
1976	Portuguese Guinea rebellion	
	Aden war of independence	
	Rwanda-Burundi	1000
1977		
1978	Peru-Lima rebellion	
	Palauan Islands	
	Sri Lanka border clashes	
1979		
1980	Bahrain uprising	
	Uganda-Tanzania	
	People's Democratic Republic of Yemen-South Arab Republic	
1981		
1982	Portuguese-Angola	
	Portugal-Mozambique	
	Guatemalan insurgency	
	Portugal-Cosat rising	
	Sudanese rebellion	
	Tunisian uprising	
	Ugandan military	
	Kenyan rising	
	Gabon coup	
	Macau-Portugal	
	East 1964-1973	
1983		
1984	Cyprus coup	
	Arab-Israeli-Yam Kappor war	
1985		
1986	Turkey-Greece: Cyprus conflict	
	Sri Lankan civil war: 1974-	
1987		
1988	Liberian civil war: 1985-1996	...
	East Timor insurgency	
	Angolan civil war: 1975-1992	
	West Saharan insurrection: 1975	
	Portuguese revolt	
1989		
1990	Thailand insurgency	
	Rhodesian guerrilla raids	100,000
1991		
1992	Indonesia-Pakistan	6400
	Indonesian riots/riots	100,000
	Rhodesian Great Britain	
	Dominican Republic insurgency	
	Persian insurgency	
	Thailand insurgency	
1993		
1994	Chilean coup	
	Syrian coup	
	Nazirian coup	
	Indian independence	
1995		
1996	Arab-Israeli war	20,000
	Greek coup	
	Republic of the Congo-Kinshasa	
	Bolivian guerrilla activity	
	Nigeria-Biafra: 1967-1970	2,000,000
1997		
1998	Cambodia-North Vietnam	
	Zaire invasion	
	Palestinian rebellion	
	Ethiopia-Somalia	
1999		
2000	Estimated total war-prone and undifferentiated body counts	18,000,000
2001	GRAND TOTAL	
	25,000,000	
	Deaths since World War II	

money in his concern that his children acquire American nationality.

From Mario Carlo Cammenga presides over his global business interests in a style that is comfortable but not showy. He has a spacious apartment, two cars, but no heat in spite of his children. He retains a suggestion of New England puritanism, as if called to a vocation demanding self sacrifice. He sits in his office in front of a map of the world with a compass to his left and a telescope to his right. He is a figure approachable to the right, with a figure approachable to the left, with a figure approachable to the center, with a figure approachable to the right.

To the office comes a flood of requests for weapons from countries all over the world, who need guns, ammunition, mortars or grenades. His base is the king of the small-arms trade in that the Com signed special little trade-making agreements, and he receives many calls off the base. About three years ago, his phone rang and a deep voice said, "You won't know me, but I well know about you." It was Field Marshal Amr, who wanted to send his private plane up to Monte Carlo immediately so that arrangements could be made with Cammenga for the modernization of the Ugandan armed forces. Cammenga explained that his report services were not available. He came from his principal suppliers, Britain and America, and that he was just leaving Monte Carlo, anyway. Not long after, Field Amr sent for Swiss military advisors to discuss the question further. Cammenga again stressed the impossibility of buying from the West and suggested that Amr might try the Russians. He did, and he got what he wanted.

In all his arm sales, whether from Britain or America or from Russian European suppliers, Cammenga is controlled by the licensing systems of governments, which technically allow weapons to be sold only to friendly countries for legitimate security and only when these countries are not actively threatening war. Cammenga is too dependent on the needs of Western governments to risk惹ing those nations. But there are plenty of countries still available, and governments often prefer to deal with intermediaries like Cammenga who can offer a good price and who know their market.

Cammenga is constantly aware of the fluctuations of policy by which countries are regarded as warlike worthy one day and unimportant the next. He finds the British Defense Sales Organization rather easier to deal with than its American counterpart in the Pentagon because its instructions are more clear-cut. But all through all Western governments it is still an us-and-them culture, which guarantees that weapons will not leave the countries that



Knight of Arms

It is appropriate that Sam Cummings chose to name his headquarters in Monte Carlo, in the principality of Monaco, which has a royal arms committee in a 44-cow. For every great arms dealer, as he looks out on his global market, sees up detailed from any single country. Monte Carlo was also the home of the most famous of all arms merchants, Sir Basil Zaharoff, the agent for Vickers who made his huge fortune in the arms race before the First World War.

Cummings, himself, is fascinated by Sir Basil's history and has tried to match out his secrets, but like all previous investigators, he has been frustrated by Zaharoff's systematic destruction of his papers. Sam Cummings has the same kind of chancery-like mentality as Zaharoff, who was Greek, Turkish, French or English as it suited him.

It is established that Zaharoff began with a spade to break up Turkey. In the 1890's the Greeks fought to win back territory held by the Turks, and Zaharoff earned his first fortune selling them guns after first devoting months of折磨ing for them to pay for the arms. Later, along with the British firm of Vickers, he made huge profits from the Boxer War, almost exclusively selling arms to both sides. His triumph came with the First World War, during which he supplied the Allies, cemented his friendship with the Russian imperial family and gave policy advice to George Clemenceau and Lloyd George, who had him knighted. Strive to say nothing in the press of his activities, Zaharoff himself became the prototype of the modern French newspaperman. He could be found in Paris, available to him. He lived simply, but had a romantic first-life marriage (after a disastrous early one) and died in Monte Carlo in 1936. He burned all his records and diaries.

See *Read or Listen to 100*

order them, there can never be any real certainty as to where the weapons may eventually end up. This has been demonstrated by almost all small-arm sales.

Cummings' underworld relationship with Western governments, particularly with American, remains obscure. But now he has fostered widespread mystery about his connections with the C.I.A. He has indeed apparently always had influence and even gone one of his customers (Cummings Investment Associates) into the same interests. But now he is the one that he has nothing to do with the C.I.A. - I will never a word from the for the episode however, he told me. "I'm glad to be out of it, and I prefer more business deals. They'll

throw you on the chopping block well before they throw themselves, and in the end they might do it to you and I." In fact, Cummings' recent actions suggest that the C.I.A. is not the first to come to mind when one thinks of his interests. But the relation between Cummings and the agency is the subject of much speculation in the trade. Cummings' through his trading and requests for orders, has a private intelligence service that provides a barometer of intelligence all over the world. This would be useful to any intelligence operator.

Cummings' adventurous career provides a kind of pocket history of the small-arm trade over the last quarter century. He was brought up in Philadel-

phia, the son of a once prosperous father who had lost his fortune in the Great Depression. Cummings was drafted and became a member of the American Legion, an old German Maxim at the age of five. When he was drafted into the Army after the Second World War, he became a weapons instructor at Fort Lee in Virginia and made money on the side by selling old German helmets. While attending George Washington University, he toured Europe and was interested in observing piles of old weapons abandoned and still lying about on the battlefields of the war-torn front. He resolved then to become an arms collector. For a time he was employed by the C.I.A. (a highly classified organization) in the Korean War. This

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As for attempts to control the flow of arms—treaties, contracts or whatever—Cummings says: "The plainest print cannot be read through a gold sovereign—or a ruble or golden eagle."

reinforced his expertise and gave him useful links to intelligence. He joined a California arms company called Western Arms, which made headlines profits by selling surplus armament to the American public and to the C.I.A. (the clandestine operations).

By the time Cummings was twenty-five, he had set up his company with the high-sounding name of International Ammunition Corporation and began buying a horde of surplus weapons to sell either as converted sports guns or as arms for foreign clients. His expertise was timely; on the one hand, there was a huge surplus from the Second World War that was constantly augmented by the cold-war skirmishing, on the other hand, there was a recession of course, small wars and rebellions that rapidly needed second-hand arms. Cummings soon found himself the master broker. He was always restrained by the licensees he needed in order to export his weapons; but that gave him often the best of both governments often had their own political or financial—resources for financing exports.

One company published its first private annual in 1938, in Alexandria, Virginia, across Washington, D.C., and found customers for its wares among the regiments of Latin America. The eight-year run up to 1946, he supplied the new government of Castillo Armas with American Garand rifles, which he bought in Oriente. In the Dominican Republic he became friendly with the dictator Trujillo and supplied him first with machine guns (then in one of his most remarkable deals) with Vassouras jet fighters, which he bought in Sweden. In Costa Rica in 1959, when soldiers living in Nicaragua tried to invade their homelands, both sides were armed with machine guns bought from Cummings. In Cuba he helped to buy machine guns for the revolution, and also some of the anti-Castro invaders for the Bay of Pigs. Fuerza, although he denies all this, he maintains he was able to replenish his growing private arsenal with huge quantities of surplus from Europe and the Middle East. After the Suez war of 1956, for instance, he bought two thousand Russian small arms captured by the Indians from the Egyptians. In the late fifties, he bought nearly a million Lee-Enfield rifles from the British government, a purchase that kept him in stock for some years. Most of them were sold to Americans in sports guns or were sold to Indians and Pakistanis.

By the end of the fifties, Cummings was established as the world's leading private arms dealer. "Perhaps it was a combination of luck and tenacity," he says. He had built up huge stocks in the United States and Britain, which were later augmented with another arrival in Singapore. He could quickly supply customers throughout the world, and his agents and officers were very capable.

In 1961, when Congress passed a gun-control law—which was designed not to much to control guns as to protect American taxpayers, led by Thompson and Whigham, from sharp overseas competition, Cummings' American business, particularly its sports guns, became very profitable; he still has a big arsenal in Alexandria, and he has recently opened a factory in Midland, Virginia, to make handguns for the American market. But even with passage of the 1968 law, Cummings has operated more from Britain. His biggest and most remarkable arsenal is in Manchester, in the basement of Redfern's, a building of whose significance more of the citizens of Manchester are quite unaware.

The basement is an underground bomb shelter, originally the site of Manchester's first cathedral, independent of the Great Church, in the only distinguishing marks are a heavy stainless-steel door and big lettering across the top of the building that read "REDFERN'S." It is difficult to enter the vast, dark basement hole but two easy steps, and a television camera looks down from the outside wall. There is a long wall before the door opens. Once one is inside, the realism becomes clear. This is the biggest private arsenal in Europe. Six stories of weapons—ten more or fewer than three hundred thousand weapons, stacked as densely as were bottles in a cellar, waiting to be shipped to their government or company—and many of them. Only about twenty percent of the experts are contractors, the remaining eighty percent go to foreign governments and armies. Recuse clients include Israel, Indonesia, Malaysia and the Arab Gulf states.

Inside the building there is a rifle range for testing imports accurately, a shooting crack through the peace of the massive restraining gauze. Otherwise the place seems as cold as a morgue. On an upper floor, past a small display of made-up guns, a row of cheerful uniforms. It is here that Sam Cummings' himself comes four times a year from Monte Carlo to take stock of his empire. Surrounded by this armory, he looks like a boy who has always been a gawky freak and has suddenly found all his wishes come true—which, more or less, the case. His walls here are decorated with photographs of celebrities hunting big game and with framed newspaper articles about himself. He and his

British manager, Hamilton Spratt, both in dark suits, look regally at a nearby Manchester pub, both immaculate, both elderlyish police. Any observer might guess that was something odd about their business.

Huge banks in his arsenal, with big jokers and pokers, Cummings shows each living weapon its detail and technicalities that he's learned, as all good arms dealers do, in making the business stand as auxiliary to the automobile industry. But he also puts himself forward, like a Chauvinist, as the philosopher of the business, one who has fully discovered the secret of human motivation. He likes to use aphorisms to make his points.

"The arms business," Cummings told me, "is founded on human folly. That is why its depths will never be plumbed, and why it will go on forever."

"All weapons," he said, "are defensive, and all arms are scalable." As for the weapons he makes arms experts: "The greatest print cannot be read through a gold sovereign—or a ruble or golden eagle."

He remains essentially a vendor of guns and a connoisseur of their infinite variety. To the right of his desk hangs an ugly-looking weapon, a rifle-propelled grenade called the RPG-7, which especially interests him. It was captured in Northern Ireland, one of a hundred that were imported from Libya by the I.R.A., with instructions in Arabic. But the man Northern Ireland, Cummings stipulates, is very poor in terms of the arm he buys. Just a few imported was in America and a few guns from Libya, though God forbid it didn't really support them personally. Northern Ireland manufactures its own weapons, he says, a few thousand go a very long way.

Walking around his Manchester armory, Cummings gives his own polished view of the world in terms of the mismatched weapons that make up his museum of warlike. He talks about them with cheerful affection, with such a pleasure as... terrible munition. Here, he points out, is a stock of American Garand rifles that were first exported to Germany in the Fifties for the First German government. From Germany they were transported to Jordan in the late Sixties, and in Jordan they were bought by Cummings and shipped to Manchester. From there many of them were shipped to the Philippines to help fight Muslim rebels financed by Libya. A few still remain in Manchester, waiting for customers.

None, I am next door to the Garands, are acne American Springfield rifles captured by the Japanese in Indonesia. They were taken over by the Americans and

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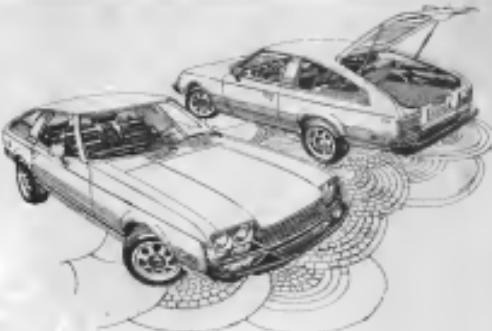
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"There are huge new markets opening up; soon there will be the rearming of China, as everybody knows. And then Russia. And then Europe again. There's no end to it." —Sam Cummings

used in Vietnam, then they were bought by Cummings. Here are some other Springfield's, which were first supplied to the French in IndoChina in the Fifties. Here are Mausers that were brought over to Taiwan by General Chiang Kai-shek when he left the mainland in 1949.

Over these are German MG-42 guns left by Hitler's troops in Greece, Holland and Denmark. Swedish semi-automatic guns made under license in Egypt and captured by the Israeli. British Sten guns dropped by parachute during the Second World War for the French maquis. American Brewster bi-planes from the Dominican Republic. Belgian Maxim from Venezuela.

Conflicting signals that his animals depend for their stocks on wars and their aftermaths. Small ones have a much greater longevity than aircraft or aquatics, and he is well making profits from the residue of the Second World War, which marks the age limit for most ordinary animals. Each new configuration in the Middle East, each new learning, provides a new surplus, much of which may eventually find as very less in his animals.

There remains one huge exception, which still amounts to a tiny fraction of the arms dealers' "What happened to the vast stocks of American arms left in South Vietnam?" Their total value has been reckoned at \$5 billion (the Pentagon, in 1971, put the figure at \$1 billion), and they included 75,000,000 M-16 rifles, 550

M-48 and M-41 tanks. 10 self-propelled guns, worth \$10,000 each and 21 Northrop Tiger II and Freedon fighters, some of which had been packed in crates in a month before the American invasion in April, 1975. There was even an I-80 MI computer, with Vietnamese trained to use it, to compute a complex inventory. Because of this has come to the international arms market, some of it, by now, must have become rusted and mired in the tropical climate.

"It's very odd—it really doesn't make sense," said Cummings. "The North Vietnamese already had enough to win the war, and the American staff is nominated for them." Could it, I speculated, conveniently be some question of principle? I thought I detected a faint smile from Cummings, but he replied with one

of his money. "The plainest part cannot be made through a solid-gold leverance." Commanders like to portray their movements as an index of the world's folly; their stocks go up and down according to the state of war or peace. "Of course I'd like to see this building filled up with arms," he said. "World peace would give me the chance to build up my treasury." But people are always Andersoning more arms, higher-ups than the superiors. I don't

through his massive bribery and through his massive armaments with policies such as Lloyd George, Zharkoff comes to see himself as a kind of puppet master of Europe, able to make wars and stop them. It was said of him that through selling guns and friendships, he had caused before the First World War the Great Fleet material that socialists and idealists had been trying so unsuccessfully to create through the conventions of peace.

Cunningham would never claim such a grandiose power, as represented at his by the leaders of producing governments and dwarfed by the big arms dealers of the aerospace companies. But he shares with Sir Basil the basic confidence that human nature will never cease to be warlike and rapacious and that the arms dealer is merely hung up to a truth that others choose to avoid—and making his modest profit out of it.

It is for this reason, no doubt, that he welcomes the kind of publicity that others might think undesirable. Any contemporary reviewer of the arts tends, like myself, to make a point of taking a critical view of the man, and to do this in the course of the review, so that his role as a business man meets with no such public opposition. Cummings is no exception, although he prefers not to be photographed with his wife and children; he does want the world to take notice of his art-dealing role. This is not merely because publicity is a means of attracting customers (they all know where he is), but it is also a means to establish an element of mystery and, that he has an almost mythical air, that he is the real worth of the world.

As it stands itself up as a symbol of human savagery for all his blood and gore, he proves it's one of the greatest massacres in the world. As such we must judge it. For those who believe that nations are not responsible in these instances that aggressors and givers are irreconcilable part of the machine and machine of individuals. Cummings' war philosophy represents a convincing corroborative. For far from what most that the weapons trade feeds not families itself, that weapons generates as much as wars generate weapons, that this trade can and must be controlled for more stringently. Cummings is the presentation of what we are up against. His secondhand account of the world's small arms provide not only their own menace but a forewarning of what may happen when and if the great armaments of heavy weapons—if fighters, missiles and tanks—will be deployed in the Middle East and elsewhere because freely available to the aggressor nations. *Review* 49

you gonna feel like you stretch out your arm and touch the guy on second's glove or the guy on first's tail and once you feel that you never move. It's all in your mind, not your arm.

She mused. "Quit tellin' 'em."

"That's my job."

"That's your job. I'll talk you out of a job."

"Somebody showed me."

Babe knew on that one. "Showed you what? Showed you what? How I got a hundred thousand out of high school? How I pay off a mortgage? How I knock up your wife? How I eat an dozen second-string diamonds? Catcher hits two home runs for ten years?"

"Two three one," Al said.

"My god," Babe said.

"I go to you," Al said.

"Steak," Babe said.

"Piss," Al said.

"Free beer," Babe said.

He drove them past the ball park about three miles out of Scranton in the desert to the OK Steak Corral and parked and they went in. Babe had to stop first to see the grave of the grandfather in front, a mound of earth with plastic flowers and a Stevens at the head of the mound and books protruding from the dirt at the foot. There was also a headstone. But this was HERE LIES LESTER MOOSE, KILLED BY A SLED FROM A 44-90 AND NO MEDICINE. BABE AND AL SLEPT ON THE FLOOR.

"What?"

"There isn't actually anybody actually dead under there, is there?" She asked him every time.

"No, it's for the tourists." It was what he said but every time but he wasn't actually sure himself.

Al gave the waitress his first dinner ticket and they had another drink and ordered.

"You know," Babe said.

"You know that girl other way?"

"Not me," Al said. "Not with the best looking broad in the place with me."

"You bastard."

They didn't talk much while eating because there was so much to say. The restaurant was full of touristy sounds and the ceiling was hung with thousands of necklaces cut off at the knot by the waitresses if you wanted a dinner here and the walls were covered with thousands of bumper stickers and signs of every color. Examples were: OK Steak Corral, I had a lot of color. I had one card on the wall behind him that cracked him up. "Casper Plumbing, Dover, N.J.," the card said. "Your Servers Bring Our Bread and Butter."

The girl brought the meal and they ate like from scratch. The only dinner served was a plain cowboy-style steak, potato hash, salad, and bread and butter. They started getting along better right away. There were three things Al had learned. One, he ordered Babe a beer when she had a load on him. Two, he never ordered a drink after that.

"They had codfish and creamed onions." "Okay, okay," she said. "So what's gonna happen to us?"

"They'll keep me up," Al said. "Most of the year they will. They'll break the kid in early. I'll work the tail end of double headers and teach him. We got a knuckleballer over from Milwaukee, for instance, and he wouldn't know a knuckle ball from his ass. Anyway, they'll keep me up. We're gonna for this year. One man."

"One more," Babe said. She cracked smile like a vacuum cleaner. "Tell me the position again."

"Again?"

"You want your piano tonight?"

"All packed." Okay. I want drawing as fast as five-five. Nine years to go. They figure it'll take seven years to learn the bugs. You gotta have three years and you draw two hundred a month for life. That's a minimum. They keep books on you, and cuts

me ten years I been up with the big club nearly five. Or will be by fall.

"So we made that?"

"As close as I can figure, three twenty-four months. Three twenty," Babe said. "God."

"I got forty," Al said.

"Three twenty," Babe said. "Jesus."

"Let's go both," Al said.

He left a dollar for the girl and they left the OK Steak Corral and walked by the grandfather's grave and put in the Chevy and started back toward home.

"Your servers bring our bread and butter," Al said.

"Ain't that something though?"

"You sure we're not for this year?"

Same to me. We're related to bad things and they want to defend them. They'll pick the kid up, see me. I got a great win. There was a better time to defend him. I'm gonna let them. They don't fight cause me, even they close one even from the nose. Why? I don't know when they come in from third. I'm a rock.

"Okay, they keep you. After this year what? We got you to go before the pension?"

"Well, I keep a bunch after me to sell cars for you know."

You selling cars... Babe and I interly. The best things to recession the biggest selling cars.

"Why not?" Al said. "I'm not in no hell of place. What else do I do?"

"Three twenty-four months. God."

"Not only do I sell cars, we get a car."

"A car?"

"I like cars."

"I can just see it—me driving around or some dumb thing and you playing with a car."

"Home sweet home."

"Home sweet abeg."

"Not only that, I want us to adopt a kid. Then she said, "Not her. Not the woman I. I said that same shit here."

"I didn't say I was your fourth."

"No but that's what you think."

"No I don't."

"You and your great sex ha."

Al drove half a mile before he said anything. Then he said slowly, "Let's bury the bone. Nah, I know you. I'd like us to adopt a kid. Boy or girl, it don't matter to me. Whatever you say. Stay at the sauna you'd make a hellfire next to me. Babe, I'm gonna work on you. I'm gonna work on you. Of course and motherhood. The night was cold. Finally she snuggled up and put her head on his shoulder.

"You have a nice day?" Al asked.

"So I bought some beads. On sale. India."

"That's nice. You was going?"

"A buck. I never lost."

"You did with me. Marrying me."

"No I didn't."

"I bet you thought you snugged yourself a three-hundred thousand."

I didn't know from nothing about things like that. Al's I knew I was marrying a bishiper. Going where it's written in the spring, your name in the paper, things like that. You know, plain.

Two three one is not a bad average, lifetime.

"You're not leading."

"Fourteen three they own there—that's not exactly chopping wood either."

"I don't believe it. Al, I mean, about the dry sea."

"It's a dry sea."

"I like fish. Get a violin."

"Hey, Al real."

"Hey what?"

"I'll accept it."

"What?"

"I'll prove it. I got an idea."

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King of the Kitchen

by Suzanne Slesin

For cookery plain or fancy, a good stove is man's best friend

It didn't happen all at once. Despite testimony that it was a surefire guarantee of success, the stove, for years now, is a sales disappointment, has finally come into its own. That's the good news. The bad news is that it's still with us. When they became interested in cooking, they realized that the best equipment is the best tool and that whatever they were having out of a soup or a saffron, there was a stove that was practically made for their individual needs. Whether gas, electric or kerosene, the stove has proved to be man's best friend in the kitchen. Current favorites are restaurant stoves—heavy-duty commercial ranges that have made themselves indispensable in the home.

They last forever, are easy to clean, are capable of high, consistent heat and look gutsy and terrific. But they are not everyone's choice. From the Victorian model (page 79) to which Marjorie and Eric Bachman, designer and manufacturer, turned, to the more modern (page 78) that Jeffrey, California Guy Givens, designed to have built in their new home, there's a stove that's coming from, in New York architect Yvonne Weymouth's unassuming classic (page 58), a collector's item. Stories are worth thinking about seriously. On these pages we show you a range of ranges, as well as the people who live with them. We've included manufacturers' addresses so you can write them to find out where you can get the stoves in your area.



Above the stove...a hot array of Chinese cooks, strollers and natural fungi from vintage stoves and imagined grub bars.

Chinese

It was the summer of 1955, when I was visiting friends who had a Peking chef that I played out over Chinese food—explosive, bopschordic Albert Falsetti above. He then learned the bones of Chinese cooking, "where the cutting is as important as the cooking." Architect Leslie Armstrong

of Armstrong Design created a special modular Ames (Armstrong Bros. Inc., Northbrook, IL 60062) gas system (as shown, in brass for \$175) that causes an increment of one foot. Falsetti has two modules for work, and a two foot center griddle, perfect for large sections. Cabinets? Chinese isopure red, of course.



Using a smaller metal wok over a flame...Glorious vegetables.

Photographs by Suzanne Slesin



A built-in stove...rare for heating equipment, and a work of art by architect friend.

Brad Winter
Sociology professor Sharon Patten and interior designer Marjorie Richard Rosen, left, used their kitchen shelves to store the stove—a small Vulcan-Hart 6860 North Point Blvd., Germantown, Md. 20876—restaurant model. Pint paper, \$395—, and insisted that it be free-standing. He built all the storage around the range, including the kitchen's worktable, with its solid oak top and the plain beige ceramic which holds an espresso maker. "When I feel like I want to bake," explains Sharon, who's shown at left with one of her weekly breads. No wonder she and Richard, who's a cake master, won't be a candle-lit range capable of high heat that could be precisely controlled. And, Sharon says, "a commercial stove, especially this one with its chunky red knobs and handily shall-mounted legs, is the industrial spirit we both live and work in."



A stainless-steel cooktop and lower-yellow drawers to keep towels and pots handy.



Classic Pyrex range has been recycled in a new light space—dark sleek cabinets don't mind



The Price Was Right

"It's my job," Weysouth says, "to perfectly classic streamlined design," says architect Yann Weysouth, far left, a member of Redroot Designs, shown with his Universal range in his Long Island City, New York, loft. "It takes a lot of elbow room to clean works with gas, but best of all, it was free," explains Weysouth, who is granted to the client who brought in a new stovetop and gave him his old range. The architect eagerly recycled the unit into his newly renovated living space. He then added to the kitchen a solid-steel pot rack, two eight-foot lengths of open shelving and stainless-steel appliances, keeping the range as the focal point clearly defined by the T-shaped opening. Weysouth is quick to say that his cooking abilities are "basic" and "not refined and loaded," and that everything he knows is based on his "Uncle Lou's" crash course. The handymen at left are an example and a little help from some of my friends



Marin chicken in a cold salad

Using Electrically

"I'm a single man and I'm out all day, so I wanted a kitchen that does it all automatically," explains Guy Grangard, right, owner of Mr. Guy, a Beverly Hills men's clothing store. When he remodeled his home, Grangard had the Hollywood Refrigeration Company 6486 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90034, put in two wall ovens—one a thermal and microwave, the other just thermal, both self-cleaning and an intermeshed ceramic cooktop. The equipment came to over \$2,800. "This is an armagueddon that works alone."



All the modern conveniences: two ovens, a ceramic cooktop—in a working man's kitchen



It can take anywhere from five to eight minutes to boil water, he found in the test kitchen



Vegetarian vegetable soup

Never Stove, Will Travel

The Manhattan apartment is like my childhood tree house—I look above all the other buildings and get sunlight all day long, so I treat it as an outdoor space," says designer Robert Brant, left. He put in new fixtures and expanded the 500-square-foot studio (\$150,000) from 200 to 300. Below, right, designer for beach and camping activities, the man has a large five-shaped reflector and, weather permitting, is capable of high heat. And it folds out in easy carrying case. That's perfect for Brant. "I've moved eight times in three years," he says. "That's a lot of traveling, even if it's most of it in town."

Old Favorites

When Margery and Larry Nathanson (he's shown at right with their son Jason, four and a half) went to look at the turn-of-the-century Victorian house they now own in Brooklyn, New York, Margery fell in love with it as soon as she saw the stove. Although the Nathansons have no plans to renovate, they are absolutely no intention of ever updating the stove. "We'll never change it," says Larry, owner of the Green Apple Garden in Mastic, Long Island. "It's very much a part of this house." The range, with its cast iron hand-edged in brass porcelain knobs and doors (one of which is dated 1910) and three ovens (two regular gas and a broiling oven, with a thermometer), can still turn out a meal, according to Margery. Larry's cooking is more modest. His specialty is oysters. They're nothing special, he says, but, as his daughter Jason, explained, "they taste great."



A 1910-style wood-burning stove



A 1910-style wood-burning stove



Mr. Saks' 19th-century copper pot that sits atop the Victoria stove



Stefi and Peter, a built-in range and well-planned storage to eliminate clutter

Black and White All Over

I just wanted a simple stove with the least amount of decorative trim possible," explains Colorado-based designer Michael Schubel, shown at right with the low-end glass door range he put "about two years ago for about a hundred and fifty dollars." He didn't stop there. "I bought this particular model because I knew I could take the back off it and build it in," he explains. "I hate typical stove backs, so I just got an exhaust fan, enclosed it in a box and left the overhanging exhaust exposed around it."

Schubel's kitchen is an interior, windowless space. Because he loves white surfaces but hates them when they don't stay white, he had the walls painted with heavy-duty black oil paint.

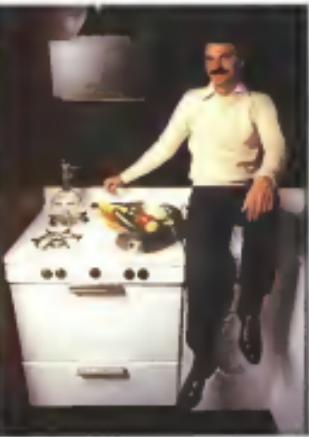
"It looks better now," he adds, "because all the things that are white look even whiter." Schubel admits he's not much of a cook, but "breakfast is the most important meal of the day," he claims. "I just love chocolate."



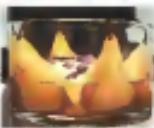
Color-coordinated ingredients



A brownie lover's special



A custom-designed Merle Aspinwall on an undercounter range



Wine pears in sugar and ginger

Perfectly Efficient

She's a very good cook and wanted a commercial stove, he liked the fact that such a stove is not indestructible proof of expertise, it's efficient to use. So when professionals Meyers and Giese Grossman, left, had Tracy Schubel Design do their kitchen, they had a South Bend (201 South Cherry St., South Bend, Ind. 46627) range circuit preheat 5866 with a side-mounted broiler installed. "It's dark charcoal gray, not black," insists Giese Grossman, of Arapahoe Grossman Paragon, a marketing and design consulting firm. Even the foot looks well designed. Above are Maryann's poached pears with cinnamon sugar



Barbara Goldmark and Frank Perry enjoy their spacious city kitchen. Their restaurant range is one of the largest made

Family-Sized

We're a two-Goldmark family," says writer Barbara Goldmark, shown above at left with her husband, movie director Frank Perry, in their recently renovated New York City kitchen. The question at question is the top of the line—a black stainless steel (Gaggenau Continental, 101 East 30th St., New York, N.Y. 10016) with two ovens, an barbecue griddle and broiler (list price above \$3,000) that takes second place only to the cook in the Perry household. "The idea behind this kitchen," according to Perry, "is to make the cook the star; actually put him on center stage and let everyone sit around and watch him work." The Perry kitchen has a vast semicircular leather-block preparation counter—with its own built-in chopping, mixing and prep area—becomes a family affair. "We both cook, very Barbara," but individually, not collectively." Above, Frank takes center stage. He cooks

what he describes as "simple stuff"—classic Italian dishes with all fresh ingredients.

"Pasta is the greatest delight of all time," he says. In this kitchen, the star is the element that lets the design stand: a huge black island, a sprawling, sunken counter that's wrapped with a shiny stainless-steel band—but there are decorative touches everywhere: the base of other shelves, the base of other shelves. Barbara, who's working on a cookbook book *I and Ragini* (set in the Thirties), has become immersed in that era. There is a set of blue Art Deco bar glasses on the counter, a Cecil Beaton photograph on the wall, a Thirties-inspired textile on the menu and a silver, black and bronze overall color scheme. "It's all trendily classical," says Barbara. "It's just not a place to cook alone—everybody who's eating, comes in, takes a bite, adds flavor." At right, one of Frank's specialties, his became and fresh pasta, hamstrung from beginning to end.



Kneading the dough in first...



A source of fresh ingredients... The first taste of pasta...



...Electric pasta maker helps



...A source of fresh ingredients... The first taste of pasta...



How Frost Made Nixon Sweat

by David Frost

Behind the scenes of the Nixon-Frost interviews

From *Interview*: August 9, 1972

Richard Nixon, dressed in his familiar dark blue suit, was sweating for us in his office. His handshake was firm, his stare steady. His voice robust and confident. He had gained weight. His hair had greyed. His face was tanned. He bore in his resemblance to the haggard photographs that had been appearing over the past few months. He looked good.

We exchanged pleasantries. Small talk. Always the most difficult part of any conversation with Richard Nixon. But today there was news of Brezhnev in the papers. I mentioned it.

"I would not like to be a Russian leader," Nixon said, shaking his head.

"They never sleep while they're being taped."

Not long of a smile. We then moved on to the money. Or just keeping the straightest line in the business?

"Communism is like art... it's still a magnet or two later." There is little importation art you can find from Communist countries. Subversiveness is not nearly as impressive as Tchaikovsky.

But the purpose of the meeting was business. And for close to two hours—interrupted only by coffee break—Nixon paid attention to the task at hand. He reviewed the contract paragraph by paragraph. He discussed his terms with Swift Lazar, his agent, quizzing over one pre-

This article is excerpted from "Give Them a Sword," David Frost's account of his television interview with Richard Nixon. The book will be published by William Morrow and Company.

vision or another as though he had not previously heard about it... in the end accepting most of what very nearly as written. All pages were approved. They were ferried in and out of the office for re-copying. The options for two specific further chapters were left in American to come as complete news to Britain. They seemed to have been lost. All the publications that had them became a greater dislocation. Final arrangements, which in such analysis "before and after" exclusively prior, were most specifically accountable. My "safe right to determine the content of and as to not each program" went through unimpeached. No hands forced me to hand Nixon. No hands forced.

He signed his secretary to call in a tax attorney who had apparently been waiting on the wings to review the final document. As he entered, Nixon half smiled "it's nice that man four years ago. I wouldn't have gotten into all this trouble with the IRS."

The money came for signatures. And then, the check. With a firm hand but a slightly trembling hand, I wrote the name "Richard M. Nixon" and then the words "Two hundred thousand dollars." And then the numbers: \$200,000. It was a down payment on our agreed-upon \$600,000 plus 10 percent of the profits of the interview, if any.

Nixon reached for his brieffold. Just Swift cut it short.

"Can I have the check, please?" he demanded.

"It's made out to me. The former President promised." It was on edge. We had already sensed when the word came that he wanted to see me. And for three hours we talked. He and we had to leave on Israel for a settlement. I told him we would reason with Israel, but we could not dictate the terms of a settlement. He was on edge. He was there. Kissinger was there. Dubcek was there. Kissinger was there. A poised. Their "We didn't say very much."

At first hearing, this sounded like an

"But what about the book?"
"I'll take care of it."

"But, but—"
"Will you give it to me... please?" said Swift, his nose carefully examining every word.

Nixon handed the check to Swift with the forlorn look of a little boy not allowed to have his cake. The check he had received from the publisher.

The transaction thus completed, Nixon invited us to climb onto his presidential golf cart for the short ride to his home, past the pool that had once been a tennis court. "I deserve that pond," he noted as we passed. Inside the house, his children were named for the foreign visitors who had stayed there, most notably, Lyndon B. Johnson during the June 1963 summit.

I remembered the moment. It was the week John Dean was to have testified before the Senate committee. But the committee delayed the hearings for seven days in order to quash the chief accusation and the nation embroiled. Now, the Nixon children were named for the foreign visitors, not to that ended but to the steady moments of questioning. He took us to a sitting room on the second floor of Casa Pacifica. "This is where Brezhnev and I met." It was on edge. We had already sensed when the word came that he wanted to see me. And for three hours we talked. He and we had to leave on Israel for a settlement. I told him we would reason with Israel, but we could not dictate the terms of a settlement. He was on edge. He was there. Dubcek was there. Kissinger was there. A poised. Their "We didn't say very much."

At first hearing, this sounded like an



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you also have to stay physically in shape, as well. Most of the time, however, during the drive to the set, I was reading silently, transcribing additional names, and I tried but few exposures to request additional information.

I did add, "We've talked a lot about the conspiracy to obtain power—but anyone here read the actual names?"

Just a minute," said Jim Reitler, who was working with us on the project. "I think there's a copy of it here in the Judiciary Committee volume."

He quickly found the place and handed me the book. I began to read aloud: "Whether corrupt candidates to prevent obtaining or impede the administration of justice."

Both that sounded pretty safe."

I recall John Dean telling the *Times* reporter that the definition of the crime was corruption with the capacity of men to devise ways to prevent, obstruct or impede the administration of justice. In a sense, that, it means everything because it means nothing.

A corrupt endeavor is prevent, obstruct or impede?" I repeated. "Thank you. But it may come to hand."

"By, wait, right. This is, I thought. Seven, six, five, four. The first question—the preview—the opening statement..."

"Three, two, one. Mr. President, to try and review your record, the record of your program is a daunting task. Reviewing now your conduct over the whole of the Watergate period, with additional perspective now, three years out of office, do you feel that you're still obtuse?"

Noonan was about to admit nothing. He tried to deny the cover-up.

Now, let's use the word "cover-up" in the sense that it should be used. If a cover-up is for the purpose of covering up criminal activities, it is illegal. If, however, a "cover-up" as you have called it, is for a motive that is not criminal, that is something else again. And my motive was not criminal. I can assure you that we were covering any criminal activities. I didn't believe John Mitchell when he said it didn't happen, so I asked for that name, anybody else was. I did believe, however, that with the FBI investigation moving out all through the government with leaks coming out of the FBI, that this could be blown out of proportion politically. And under the circumstances, I felt that if possible, if the C.I.A. could reach the conclusion that it was not an offense, as well as our political interests not to have this investigation move over into the area which would uncover the C.I.A. again with a long history of distinguished service, including his service in the Bay of Pigs, Roswell Hear-

that there... that that would be the best way to continue the investigation..."

Thus was one of the historic Nixon tapes—while he was declassified, he was assembled in all areas of once-purified and purified. The tapes were given to each other at random. Innumerable tapes didn't reflect him at all, and even inconsistencies at the same or consecutive sessions.

Thus at the conclusion to a single question he had denied the existence of a covering—obstructive involvement in a cover-up, defined the term cover-up in a way that no lawyer would ever define it, indicated that he didn't believe anyone else was involved criminally, and then recalled his efforts to save Hunt when he had previously admitted to have been criminally involved.

As Noonan again denied his involvement in any criminal cover-up activity, I objected.

"Not only in all you've just said, you have proved exactly that that was the cover-up, and was a cover-up of criminal activities. I assure you, to the best of my knowledge, that you largely had Hunt and Laddie were involved. You'd been told that Hunt and Laddie were involved at the moment when you told the C.I.A. to tell the F.B.I. to stop—period. As you put it. At that point, only five people had been arrested. Laddie was not even under suspicion. And so you know, in terms of statute, and you know, in terms of foreseeable consequences, that the result would be that in fact, criminally would be prosecuted. Hunt and Laddie who were criminally liable, would be prosecuted. So that's obstruction of justice..."

Noonan. Now just a minute—

Phone—period.

Noonan appeared to have been shocked by our persistence to meet his legal obligations head-on. He had taken the calculated risk of conducting a highly legalistic defense, playfully wistful in a celebration of a criminal trial trying to squeeze through a loophole in the law. While we had always viewed this person as the antithesis of an opportunity to get Nixon the "affidavit out of the storm," we figured that Nixon would steadfastly resist any such strategy, would want no distance to itself from what had happened in court, to Mitchell, Halderman and Hershman. But he seemed to be the prisoner of some perverse sense of pride, or over-ingress, to concede the fact that the third panel had been the only thing separating him from their demanding Bay. So, Nixon seemed intent on using all his resources to keep his power from being completely gone through their court and into the trap.

If he had succeeded, our project would have been dead. Instead, he was now badly bruised. Through a combination of guile and gift he had tried to construct a legal shelter out of name. We had blown

paco.....

to his friends



cologne...after shave
and other things....from paris

hudsons



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THE GANT ATTITUDE

head with pride and sadly. With the weight of history on his every word he will say: ... See you.

Showdown

What set the next morning came and passed we began to get serious. Never before had the ex-President been so much as a minute late. Hin and Zalnick took their places in the production trailer, the rest of our group gathered in the manner of a court. The new crew was ready. But I was not.

He finally arrived, seventeen minutes late. Hin was dressed by the eighth of nine. He seemed to have aged five years in the past few days. His voice was broken with fatigue. His eyes vitiated and bloodshot. His countenance bore marks of that strange, vaguely terrified look of his last months in office.

Like that of two lawyers returning from a brief recess, our conversation began slowly. The former President had a point that he wished to add to our discussion of the Stevens compromise. While Senator Stevens may indeed have had a hearing problem—about which, in fact, he is not seriously ill—he should consider it might have followed his decision to have the transcript of the tapes should be prepared by a panel that Hinckley had no means, namely that Senator Stevens was chairman of the Senate ethics committee. I nodded and then, for some reason, thought that a moment of humor might break the ice before the day's proceedings really began. I was wrong.

"What you're really saying," I said, "is there's no truth to the rumor that when you picked up the phone and telephoned Hin and said, 'Senator Stevens, I'd like you to listen to these tapes,' he replied, 'What?'"

Nineteen days later in horror, Hin had a further field of such information—had in other words, a hundred tapes leaked to the opposition.

Hinckley moved.

Stevens was getting on of hand. I had better try to explain.

But that is not true. That's a joke. I had a prior that someone told after the program yesterday. You are saying this hearing was good ... right?"

But Ninian mind was already on the defense.

"What did 'What?' mean ... oh ... I don't recall the conversation."

A few moments later, when a light on the set exploded and there was a brief pause while it was replaced, Ninian's mind was still on the exchange. He shook his head disbeliefingly. Senator Stevens would never have said 'What?' He'd have said 'Pardon?'

I thought that, perhaps—a just perhaps—the man who did not seem to be incapable of reverting any one life can be, on the contrary, his legal and

constitutional obligation, might respond more fully to a question that brought together and characterized the shortcomings of his conduct in general, and that the best way to do this was to let John's question about calling the cops. So I again recited for him the things he had learned from Dean on March 21—things about the original Hinckley plan and the involvement of men like Hinckley's son, Eric Hinckley, Maguire, Streicher and Hinckley himself in the cover-up.

John didn't seem to understand, didn't pick up the phone and call the cops. I said: "I still don't know when you found out about the things that Hinckley and I did. But since that there is no evidence anywhere of a rebuke, only of censure and of censure, or censure. Nowhere do you see ... We must get this explanation straight to whatever it is—the head of the Justice Department criminal investigation or whatever. And nowhere do you say to Hinckley and Hinckley, This is an disgraceful conduct—and Hinckley admits a lot of it the next day so you're not relying on Dean—You're fired."

Hinckley's inner lip had broken out with moisture. He reached for his headband and applied ammonium chloride more than once. The visual impact was enormous, proof of what he was going through.

Ninian took a deep breath and pointed off into space. For a brief moment his body seemed to go limp. In that instant I saw that my instinct had been correct—but that we were moving to a new phase, not a capping of the Ninian Presidency. The sharp edges of the intense confrontations, the haggling over points of law and manner of fact were closing to a close. In stages, he would now try to address the tailspin of his conduct. Up to this point the confrontation had been Ninian versus Nine. Now the question became: How much of Ninian could Richard Nixon himself dare expose to himself?

A break might help, I thought. We had made some progress, progress that did not entirely deserve to be honored. But now—how to encourage this reluctant witness to complete his task? I had an idea to think. And to talk to my colleagues. Yes, and to talk to Jack. Hin was gone. A few minutes earlier he had entered the room for the only time in the whole twenty-eight hours and looked over behind the camera, where it could be seen holding a piece of paper. It was

difficult to read, but I thought it said, Let us talk. Then he had typed out again Nixon and I had been in the middle of an exchange. I had general the message at the time, but now perhaps Hinckley would have something to add.

I told Ninian that we needed time to change topics, taking the crew in at the same time to give us a late lunch break. Although we planned to resume in a few minutes, I had an idea when we would finish.

No one spoke clearly and returned to his room where Key Kinnick Legion decided to join him. I started for my own manner room. But Hinckley was walking in the hall. His face was flushed.

He began to talk in a jumble of words. I heard only isolated phrases—critical moment in his life ... never cry—tear him ... know he'll go farther ... What do you want?

On the floor lay piece of paper. It did not say, Let us talk. It said, Let him talk.

Kinnick Legion came rushing out of Nixon's room, whispered something to Hinckley and rushed back in. Then John Bert arrived from the production trailer.

What are you trying to say, Jack?

David had gone on to play his part in the moment in the President's life. He is a further than "invader" and "invader" means. He wants to make a full accounting. But you've gotta let him do it in his own way.

What do you mean by a full accounting?" asked Hinckley. "That he was guilty of a crime?"

I don't know if he's guilty or not. That he committed impeachable offenses?

I don't know if he's guilty or not.

Then David's cross examination will resume.

Just a moment. Let me talk to him.

Hin turned to me. That was enough. David, we can continue.

Now, I do the same. Jack's right when he says that Ninian will go much further under adversary pressure. On the other hand, I have to digress or at least distract my interpretation of his conduct, which doesn't reflect on me.

Don't change a thing, said John. Amuse all the unusual normal. Hinckley recurred from the Nixon room.

He knows he has to go further, he said. I don't know what he'll say and I'm not sure he does. But ask him. Just ask him. He's going to move to another.

Look, Jack, we can't play-charge with you and John.

"We'll give him every opportunity to say it on his own. But if he fails short, we'll have to come back to him."

The interpretation will have to restart. This will we can tell you now, said John.

"I'll go and tell him," said Bremer. "And if it doesn't happen now, we can always try again on Monday."

John put out his hand and stopped Bremer for a moment. "No, Jack, he had with intense earnestness. "Don't let him feel that, even for a second. Believe me, if he doesn't do it now, having said this to me, he'll never do it at Monday."

I have often read of "electracy" in the air. Of a "highly charged atmosphere." But I never expected or experienced it again quite as I did in St. Louis and I walked back into the nearly-flooded John Hancock on my way back to the train. I stopped and said to a helpful attendant. He walked across the set to the sign of my chair. "It is terribly easy for all of us to get caught up in the emotions of the moment. But what happens now and what he says now and what you say now will be parsed over by historians. That's the perspective to try and keep."

John made a road toward the ex-President and wended out to return to the trailer. The red road sign on the corner went on. I tried to recognize the sound of our conversation earlier.

"To come back to where we were just now: Mr. President—because this is a difficult program for you and a difficult program for me. We were talking about the period—March the twenty-first and April the thirtieth. And you were talking about your concerns as you and to be honest to Haldeman, Mitchell, Ehrlichman. And I asked you the question that you made to me so as to make plain that you had asked about the mistakes—'we're in an extraordinary moment in a way. Would you do what the American people yearn to hear?' Not because they seem to hear it, but try to tell all, as hard and as on. Would you do better than the mistakes?' You so explained how you got caught up in this thing. You so explained your concern. I don't want to hear you bring up of that. But just coming to the other substance—Would you go further than 'mistake,' the word that seems not enough for you to understand?"

"Well, what word would you express?"

It was the most intense response I had ever had in my life. I had never heard cross-examination like that. Not once. Not twice. Not three times. Not four or five. Yes, until I was able to frame with precision what it was we wanted to hear from him the moment would be lost, never to be regained. As a symbolic gesture, I picked up my clipboard from my lap and tossed it on the floor beside my chair.

"Let me say that my concern now is this—which is why I checked the clipboard away—not to be legalistic or anything about obstruction of justice and so on and things we've discussed so far and so on—I think there are other things—since you asked me this heart-stopping

question—I would like to hear you say and the American people would like to hear you say. One is there was probably more than mistakes—there was wrong doing. Whether it was a crime or not—yes, it may have been a crime. You Secondly, I did—and I am saying this without questioning the motives again—I did abuse the power I had as President, or not fulfill the statutory, the oath of office. That's the second thing. And finally, I put the American people through two years of agony and I apologize for that."

And I say this—just as I explained your interests—I think these are the interests. And there is no difficulty for the audience, and I know of you, but I think that the people need to know, and I think everyone now says it, you're going to be honored for the rest of your life.

Nixon's statement was a symphony of many movements. It had to be listened to as such. At any given point, a variation could be mistaken for the main theme.



Massachusetts attorney Jim Garrison

My mind seemed momentarily to drive off of the air from Nixon's lungs. There had been a steady, insistent noise, like a train a goddam time for the country. But he had been in a "free float" with a pernicious media, avaricious Ervin committee, a partisan special-prosecutor staff and a pernicious judiciary committee itself. "Now, under all these circumstances, my reaction is some of the statements and press conferences and so forth after that, I want to say right here and now, I said things that were not true. Most of them were fundamentally true on the big issues, but without going as far as I should have gone and saying, perhaps, that I had considered other things but not done them."

I thought myself down. I gave them a

second. And they stuck it on. And they treated it with respect. And I guess, of I'd been in their position, I'd have done the same thing.

The country couldn't afford having the President in the dock in the United States Senate. And there can never be an impeachment in the future of this country without a President voluntarily impeaching himself. I have impeached myself. That speaks for itself."

Then, I say this: How do you mean? "I have impeached myself?"

Now, by goddam. That was it. nothing else.

The former President declined again to read legal conclusions drawn into his voluntary act of self-impeachment. Nor was he ready to admit greater personal knowledge of the cover-up events between the time of the break-in and his March 21 briefings from Dean. But then his maladroit took a dramatic turn.

Now, when you come to the period—and this is the critical period—of March twenty-first, when Dean gave his legal opinion that certain things actions taken by Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell et cetera—and, even by him—it announced a classification upgrade to both this I was in a very different position. And during that period, I will admit that I started acting as a lawyer for their defense.

I will submit that acting as a lawyer for their defense, it was not prosecuting the case.

I will admit also during that period, rather than acting primarily in my role as the chief law-enforcement officer in the United States of America, as, at least, with responsibility for law enforcement—because the Attorney General is the chief law-enforcement officer—but also as one with the chief responsibility for seeing that the laws of the United States are enforced, that it did not meet that responsibility.

And, as far as I knew that I did not meet that responsibility, to the extent that I was the law, and in some cases gave birth to the edge of the law in trying to protect Ehrlichman and Haldeman and all the rest of us to have them as present their cases because I thought they were legally innocent, that I came to the edge.

And under the circumstances, I would have to say that a reasonable person could call that a cover-up.

He talked off the mistakes and called it a "symphony in an indictment." And when he said—and with a surprising lack of emotion—I would have to say that a reasonable person could call that a cover-up, he seemed like a man who in high defendant and very formally was returning a verdict against himself.

It came as no surprise that this stinging series of admissions was followed by the more traditional Nixon retort: when he



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By George Schlesinger
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were to inquire that he himself did not regard his actions as a cover-up and that he had wanted to cover up the could only have granted clemency after the election, causing the political shock by granting amnesty to the Vietnam war resisters and deserters, as well.

That was odd but I had long since thought through the reasons for his acting as he did, the pride, the intuition that the ability to view himself as different people when the circumstances demanded that he play different roles. That white part of the psychology of Richard Nixon and I thought that by this time I understood them as such.

The patients were also part of this psychology. So were the digressions. He could sit only so long at the peak of his emotional roller coaster. He went from grueling climbs to terrifying slides to the periods of indecision and emotional reprieve. His statement was a symphony of many movements. It had to be listened to and appreciated as such. At any given point a variation could be mistaken for the main theme.

But now we come down to the key point—and let me answer it in my own way—about: How do I feel about the American people?

We were deeply for the finale now.

He told of his farewell dinner at the White House with his closest congressional supporters on the evening of August 8, 1974, moments before he would appear on television to deliver his resignation speech. He had passed around the table. His friends were crying. And then the President began to cry. As he rose from the gathering so full as a saccharin personal destiny, he said, "I'm sorry. I just hope I haven't let you down."

"Well, if I said, 'I just hope I haven't let you down,' that would still—I had

"let down my friends."

"I let down our system of government and the people who are these your people—they ought to get another government but think it's all too corrupt and the rest."

"Most of all, what I fear that greatest—not that I don't hope and pray that President Carter will be able to end progress in his peace initiatives—I let down an opportunity that I would have had for two and a half more years—a program of great progress and programs for holding a lasting peace, which has been going down, as you know from our first interview in 1976, before I had any thought I might ever be president that year. I didn't tell you I didn't think I might win but I was sure I would."

"Yup. I let the American people down. And I have to carry that burden with me for the rest of my life."

"My political life is over."

"I will never get and never again have

an opportunity to serve in any official position. Maybe I can give a little advice from time to time."

"I can only say that in answer to your questions that while technically Edist not commit a crime, an irreparable offense—these are legalists."

As far as the handling of the embezzlers concerned, it was so botched up

"I made so many bad judgments, the worst ones, mistakes of the heart rather than the head as I pointed out. But, let me say, a man is that top jeder, topnotch, he's going to be a better man. But his head must always rule his heart."

The man whose pride would not permit him to say "I broke the law" realized my

Nixon seemed to have aged five years in the past few days. His voice was husky with fatigue, his eyes strained and bloodshot. His face bore marks of that terrified look at his last months in office.



Taking above: *Big*, Nixon and Teller today

constitutional clarity had come in clear to admiring both as his pathology would. I was moved—moved—by the experience we had just shared.

"I let down your friends, it's in your right. Mr. President, you know, it's in your right to carry on with you for the rest of your life. I think it may be a little lighter after what you've said."

"Edgar, Nixon said and suddenly he called a conversation with Edward G. Teller's back, the night before he resigned. Well at least this can't off. Ed, he had said. "We'll go out to California and they'll leave us alone."

"Oh no, they won't." Con a Princeton and Harvard Law School graduate and former associate of Ralph Nader, had replied. "You don't know these people. I know them. Let me tell you something about them. I worked in the U.S. attorney's office in New York. And I went to school with some of these people. They're tough. They're smart. They're

of all, they treat you with a passion. Mostly because of the war, and some because of other reasons. And they're like others like them, and the press. They're going to honest you. They're going to honest you for the rest of your life."

"And," said Nixon, as we concluded this, "I can say they love, and they will, and will take it. I hope, it's a man."

"But, as before we found Mr. President that as this has been more

"Been tough for you?" Nixon asked again, with a smile.

"Well, no," I replied "but I was going to say that, I feel we're—

"Covered a lot of ground."

"—been through a life almost rather than an interview, and we think poor."

"Fine. Have a good lunch," said Nixon. "Well, let's get out of here."

And he was up and heading for a tap of water and his usual release of some light post interview banter, preferably with regard to whatever he had just been discussing.

But this time the two staffs would have none of it. An deeply moved as I, they surged into the living room, congratulating us, congratulating the former President and his interviewer for one of the most extraordinary moments any saying as could ever hope to be given to a man. And they took a firm grip on the President's shoulders, the first two in salutation since their introduction after the interview about Chappaquiddick.

John Hinckley was not for behind.

Ken Kragen, Jack Brown and others took over smoking their pipes and complaining on the way I had handled the changing situation. Diane Brewster kissed my cheek.

Do you think they'll accept what he said in secretary?" Kragen asked.

"I would certainly hope so," said Zeller. "I would certainly hope so," said Zeller. "The President is in heaven today as God has given him the capacity to be human."

In funny," Diane mused sadly. "You people are journalists, and good ones. And you are probably saying more about Richard Nixon than any other man in the world. Sometimes I think you are even better than we do. But I think we know more about your colleagues than you do. Just watch. They're going to see your show. And they're going to tear her to shreds."

Where is China?

After the first two interviews were broadcast, I paid a last visit to Richard Nixon's new once again the rock of Sea Clemente.

He took my companion, Caroline, by the hand. Firmly, warmly—this was the possibly as uncomfortable with women. He took her to the window and pointed. "Out there is China," he told her. "In

Reggie Looks Back in Anger

by Philip Taubman

The bitter '77 season killed the joys of baseball for the Yankees star

THE story of an athlete dying young, in many ways, is lived by Regi sympathy for him. He is rich, brash, superbly talented, and he does not hesitate to let the world know it.

For Reggie Jackson, the pride and pain of the New York Yankees, no longer has the pleasure of baseball. As he awaits the opening of spring training, only weeks away, the hero of last year's World Series is strangely alienated from his interests and his game. At a time when most ballplayers are experiencing the languid, unexpressed routine of winter camp, Jackson stares at the New York skyline from his never-high-sphere Fifth Avenue and is preoccupied with anger, bitterness and disillusionment.

These feelings have been bottled up for months, and they burst out like a volcanic eruption. "I'm not going to mention any names. Things are gonna be different in 1978. I suppose given the trouble, I'll be patient. I'll wait until I can get them alone. I know when they'll be alone. Maybe after the game on the way to the bus, or in the elevator of the hotel. Whenever it is, I'm gonna step them and say, 'You aren't going to hit me this year, you mother. I'm close to blowing up.'" Jackson holds his thumb and

forefinger a hair apart. "Don't mess with me or I'll burn you again."

The moment passes and the unusually dikes from Jackson's face. He shifts his gaze with dark black coffee. "It's hard to understand," he says, "unless you lived through what I did last year."

What Jackson lived through was hell. From the outside, his confrontations with his manager and teammates seemed like a season-long soap opera. It was good entertainment for fans—Billy Mays trying to slug Jackson on the dugout at Fenway Park, Thurman Munson ridiculing Jackson's attempt to challenge his leadership, the entire bench settling. Reggie either beat his home runs. It was hard for most people to identify with the sort of off-field attitude that Jackson had. Even the New York fans, who had treated Jackson nicely in the spring, took to hazing him for sloppy fielding and poor defense behavior.

Beyond the malcontents, there was permanent pain. It can deep Jackson as an athlete who wants to be loved and adored. In New York, he was rejected. A good deal of the fault was his own. Reggie's vision of himself has always been larger than his accomplishments warrant. He is a streak hitter. When he is hot, there is no one better in baseball as he demonstrated in the World Series with nine hits, eight R.B.I.'s and five home runs, including the three consecutive ones in the last game.

When he is cold, forget it. Jackson has never hit consistently enough to hit 300

for a season. His fielding is terrible. Yet he always boasts the best players the game, and he expects others, including his teammates, to treat him as such. He assumed the Yankees would welcome his skills and leadership. "I came to New York a winner," he says. "I had three World Championship rings. The year before I arrived, the Yankees lost the World Series in four straight games."

The Yankees were not impressed. They resented Jackson's arrogance. A nasty undercurrent of racial animosity developed between Jackson and several white players, including Munson, relief pitcher Sparky Lyle and shortstop Alan Graag. Munson deserved all the blame. In the off-season after the World Series, Jackson and Munson decided to laugh it away. They once got together and Munson told Jackson, "You're too slow, the party's over." It was a belated, bitter-sweet attempt at exorcism.

Munson disliked Jackson's bat and refused to hit him cleanup until midway through the season. Even Reggie's triple wardrobe became an issue. His teammates thought he was flaunting his wealth, particularly when he wore expensive clothes that he had signed a purported \$2.9 million contract with Yankees owner George Steinbrenner.

Some players might have shrugged off the stuff. Not Jackson. He tried to even the score for the Rooney reception with his bat and glove, and in playing too hard he

Philip Taubman is the sports editor of *Esquire* magazine.

Illustrated by David Levine

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fall into a slump. That only worsened his problems and turned the fans against him. It hurt. Despite his cocky exterior, Jackson is one of the more vulnerable men in sports. He can be extraordinarily sensitive and self-conscious. If you go out to dinner with Reggie and tell him you don't like the food he recommends, he is bothered and hurt. Turn a team and it turns against him, and he is profoundly shaken.

"I almost cracked up," concedes Jackson, who has been through his share of heartbreak, return to the hell pitch who represents. In the middle of the night, Reggie would sit at his holiday vanity, stare down Central Park and try to make sense out of the humiliations and fury he felt.

The measure of the pain came in the last game of the World Series. His record-breaking three consecutive home runs would have been a landmark achievement. For any other. Coming down Regge, they were more than an athletic deed. They seemed to be a heroic expression of will, a galvanizing of body and mind to reclaim his pride. With those savings of his, he vindicated a season.

But the next day, Charlie, watching the game on TV, left him alone, holding the season and his glory. That would have been the natural reaction for Jackson instead. He felt a greater, less ecstatic sense of relief. "I know I'd be able to bring 'em again," he says. "Those home runs delivered a simple message: Let me go now—I'm no longer good enough."

The Jackson who heads into this season has been changed by last year's ordeal. I first met Reggie just a few days ago when he was fresh no baseball. He was hitting home runs at a rate faster than Ruth's record power, and believed it. Baseball was his life. He would have his team mates and friends, but in the locker room like a kid showing off a new toy. "I'll tell anyone I'm the best," he said. "I'll tell anyone I'm a 'W.' He told me, "I might drive a 'W.' I'm not telling anyone I'm like the man. You can't tell who's going to come. I'm not shooting for any records, and I don't worry about the next day because I've got to concentrate on today. If I became fatigued, I would dismiss the other twenty-four guys on the club."

Five years later, he had become the star of the championship Oakland A's. He was heralded by them, but he was still married to baseball. The team stabilized, but owner Charlie Finley, not Reggie Jackson, was the lightning rod. "Hitting, and Reggie," he'd thunder at me.

Last season finished that boundless enthusiasm from Reggie. He taught him to fear and dread the game he had once reviled in. A child's sport played by men, Reggie forgot how to be a child. The joy was gone. The pure, gleaming theft of life

left its talismanic imprint on him fifty thousand fans gone way to the fear of failing. He earned right and choked. He couldn't play for fun. The game became a dreaded grind, a daily test of his ability to stay sane.

As he has become more withdrawn from baseball, Reggie has thrown off his life-style. Field 66, which was never exactly slow, is his favorite time of year, he says, "much better." He is a paternalist, almost as though he is running away from bad memories. To match the lavish Berkeley Hills town house he bought in California while playing for the A's, Jackson has rented a swank two-bedroom apartment on Park Avenue near the Metropolitan Museum of Art and furnished it with crushed velvet sofa, stainless steel bookshelves and plenty of plants. The building who set Reggie's first option, but seemed to say that his side residence would not earn him a \$352,000-a-year renewal forever.

I turned to see Reggie on a Sunday morning. Clark Gable could not have played the part better. Jackson greeted me in his kitchen with a broad smile around his waist and responded for silence to his. He showered and dressed, leaving me with a copy of *The New Yorker* and a collection of Rolf-Hansen brochures as my only choice of reading materials. The last time I'd seen Reggie he was driving a Pontiac and a Parasite. Did you buy a Rolls?" I asked when he returned from dressing.

"I have or I don't," he answered. "They're good investments."

The next surprise was the entrance of a little, attractive overnight guest from Reggie's bedroom. Stopped by me to have dinner that Reggie had spent Sunday night alone. I have never seen him when he didn't have a female companion, and in a dozen meetings I have never seen the same girl twice. This one met Reggie in the Bahamas last fall when he was taking a conference of the Superstars series for ABC.

While Reggie's friend and I talk about modeling in New York—his business—a second admirer arrives. She's wearing wolf fur jacket, night gown, thigh-high leather boots and an enormous smile. She discovered Reggie as a newscaster in lower Manhattan a few days after the World Series. "I couldn't believe it was him," she explains.

New York's streets are clogged with snow so Reggie leaves his VW and Rolls in the garage and borrows a friend's Jag. Domestic disaster follows. Jerry Nimmer's stately street town, Reggie utters quick portraits. An Norman dips his soluble emper in wet sand and paints them across the curvilinear. Reggie envies a spontaneous personality analysis. "Who am I?" he asks. "What you think of me, what do you think of it?"

There is an awkward silence. Finally Shelly, in the wall pocket, speaks up. "You're amazin'." Norman slaps yellow crayon on the picture and looks up at his subject. "You're right," says Reggie, but it's a protective mechanism. I am afraid that I want to make people happy off the record." He reaches for a cigarette. Shelly says: "You're in your prime, but in the heat of your prime." Reggie pauses that a moment and lets it go. "How's that right? That's a good one." He turns to me. "Take that one down."

Norman is drawing in by now a good likeness of Jackson. The top coat Reggie wears creases to one side of his headpiece giving him a gangster look. From one angle his face seems to pass, but everyone is startled by a second look. The portrait seems to have a split personality. There is a sense in the eyes. "It almost frightened me to look at that," says Jackson. There's something in the eyes. It looks like that you could be a killer."



From one angle his face seems at peace, but everyone is startled by a second look at the picture of Reggie. "It almost frightened me to look at that," says Jackson. "There's something in the eyes. That guy could be a killer."

he attended Arizona State University. And there's the candy bar. When Reggie was playing for the Baltimore Orioles in 1976, he joked. "If I played in New York, I'd eat candy bars for dinner." Candy bars, indeed.

Standard Brands is the manufacturer. The line, to be called REGGIE!, will be introduced soon. The name and logo are still secret. Reggie's multi-year contract with Standard Brands is limited to far as leading his name to the candy bar. Along with providing a housewife for the company stocks his pantry with coffee, peanuts, corn and potato chips and peanut butter. By the look of the stacks of Royal pretzels just off Reggie's kitchen, Standard Brands is not paying him enough to get a blanket endorsement of everything.

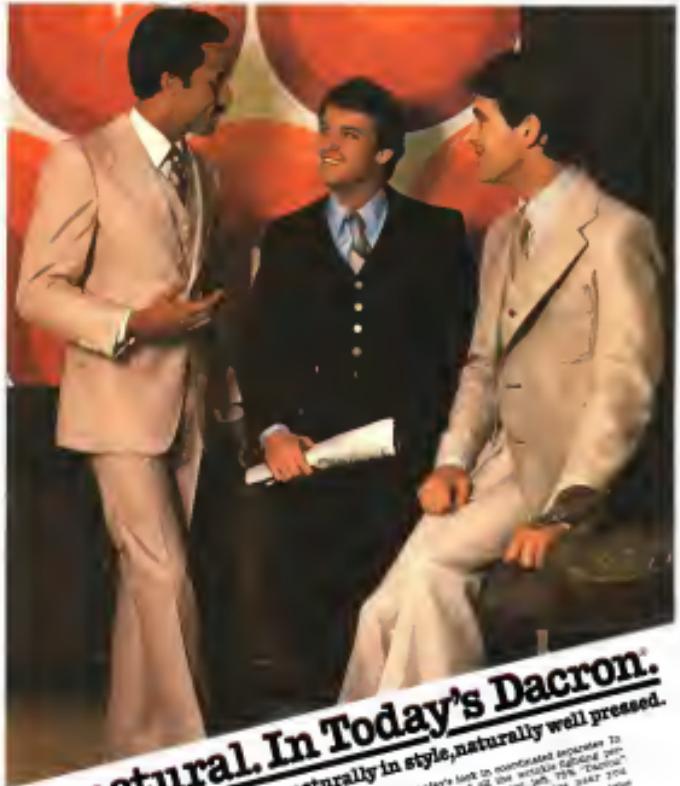
Jackson has widened his outside business interests with an eye on retirement from baseball. He wants to have financial security for life after baseball without working. He has a trust fund of over \$300,000 a year from his Yankee salary, plus his house and deferred compensation, plus three leases that make three other income units. His contract with Standard includes deferred-income payments for years. He should be able to retire as a millionaire. The only question is how long he will wait.

Jackson says he will play out his Yankee contract, which expires at the end of the 1980 season. He will be thirty-five then, still young enough to play a few more good years—good statistical years. Physically, Reggie has more to do as a baseball. He still wants to hit .300 for a season and to hit fifty home runs. If he can stretch his hitting streak, he might make a run at the Ruth or Maris single-season home-run marks. He will probably win a fifth World Series ring.

But baseball will never be the same to Reggie. He's a different man, a more experienced man, a more experienced man in his body last year. It has been burned out of him, gone through during those agonizing afternoons at a Yankee Stadium.

Anyone would have seen that at any time. Reggie was raised. He was often alone, later the evening and Reggie was watching a retrospective sports show on TV. The first time was about the 1977 Yankees. Stebby, at the moment went back. Maria, Marlene, the relentless pressure and tension. Reggie watched silently. We wanted for the home runs. They were on. The two shots to right field. The crowd going crazy. The third swing, the ball landing in the bleachers. Reggie running around the bases, holding up a clenched fist. Stepping out of the dugout to stuff his cap to the standing cheering crowd.

I looked over at Reggie sitting on the couch. These was not the kind of a face on his face. "He



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OUTDOORS

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN



Kind Words for Trapping

There is more to it than leg-hold traps and fur coats, suffering and death

Mary Tyler Moore took time in a couple of her shows to visit the city and call mother one to go down to Washington and say a few things on behalf of the animals as well as a few words about the people who gather them with traps. She even said, "Classified Ad: Trap collector, the cutest sort that is." A commercial, which I was asked to write, former the question of a taxicab driver, in sharp, thumbnail, the witness and observer. Nobody with any credibility had a good word for trappers which was to be expected.

In North America trapping is an old and no-longer honored trade. When the original settlers couldn't find gold, they settled for furs. Some of the valuable old fur times in Canada were made in the fur trade. But the last two or three generations trappers have known the kind of editor that trappers are just now beginning to feel.

You know... says Don Hicks, who has been buying and selling mink pelts since 1948. For over forty years of which he's been in the fur business, there's not a fur I wouldn't buy if I could find it in a store or on the street. But why, when I'm looking on the street for a fur, why, when I'm looking on the street for a fur, why,

Hicks looks serenely, but a lifetime spent in the woods can either age a man or preserve him. In his late 60s, he still has red streaks of blood vessels in his cheeks and his eyes are a little watery, but he has strong hands and a sharp mind. Be sure when he's talking to him that you're listening all the time.

I used to go hunting in Maine back before it got too expensive... he says. Now I take the Am. Woods... He spreads a copy out on the counter. By following the recent auction price sheet and the listed designs, he knows what to

Geoffrey Norman is a former magazine's outdoors editor.

buy and how much to pay... This year it's coats. Lots of coats. They're mink fur coats. He says, pointing at a picture of a woman in a coat looks like a spiky hotdog bun. They use them for trim, too. And they're avus, making coats and jackets. For women and men.

Hicks is paid between twenty and forty-five dollars for a mink coat or a neck or a pair of mittens and a little more than half that for mink fur pelts. These coats, we get around here are heavy for coats. They use skins they get further south for that. They go for fur and fur hats. Used to be a lot of them in the '60s, Hicks says. But the market isn't there anymore. Give the Hansen-shaped using it, you just couldn't get a good price. I got a stack of beaver pelts elsewhere just waiting for the price to go back up.

Hicks does most of his trade in coats and furs during November and December, when the pelts are prime—that is, when the fur is full to protect the animals against the cold but before they grow a thick coat of hair. Before the skins are sold, which will take some of the winter hair, especially on fur. In the late winter, he has his trade in beaver, mink, fisher and otter. But people bring skins to him throughout the year. The deer hunter has changed trapping as much as anything. A fellow will take some coon-skin pelts and an old quick rifle, roll the skins up, put them in a plastic bag and stick it in the freezer.

When he needs the money to make the car payments or when he hears the price is right, he'll bring the skins down in one of his little boxes. I'll pay him a dollar and a half less what I would pay for a skin that has been stretched and scraped. It costs me that much to do the work on back.

Out back there is a big open room where hundreds of coonskins hang from the beams overhead. The skins are lined up like a glove and stretched over pole boards that are carved into the shape of propeller blades. Each skin is hung long enough to dry the fat that remains after it has been scraped with a two-handed knife—stomach-side down one day and five days. Two skins should not take much longer, and the outside of a skin must not be allowed to touch the inside of another. It can cause a skin to mold. These skins are in the market. One skin has been properly aged it is taken off the stretchers and piled up for shipment to New York.

There are skins stacked all over Hicks's back room—the heavier skins that he won't sell until the price is right, coonskins brought in recently and ready to go out in the first load to New York, same basket and same fur, Fisher and otter. When they are shipped they go to a broker in New York, who gets the best price he can and who takes a percentage. It's very long way from Hicks's shop to New York's fur district of Twenty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue, even though the skins are shipped by air freight.

The general rule is the back room is 100% strong fur but—certainly no worse than that in some batches, though, I don't know, it is another matter. In the middle of the basement, there are a dozen barrels of canan fat waiting to be shipped to the rendering plant. The fat restores the skin with a greasy, metallic smell that will almost choke you.

The business of skins is important to trapping as a whole, just as to Dixie Hicks's business. You don't simply go into the woods and put traps on the likely spots, then come back later to see which of them have taken animals. You hunt the traps. And since these predators hunt largely by sound, the best has to be some thing they smell. Some experts make their own baits. Everybody has a method, but one of the most common is to take a

OUTDOORS

small animal, say a muskrat. If you are making some sort of muskrat trap, and cut off the head and feet. Then clean out the cavity and cut the animal across the backbone into strips. Put the strips into a large bottle and seal it against them which can press maggots into the body of the bottle for a week. Those muskrat strips are tainted by that time and make them bad.

If you don't want to go through all that, you can buy ready strips—hairs that are made out of extracts. Sometimes they are made out of the animal's own glands. Sometimes they are of the animal's own glands. Sometimes they are blood. Sometimes they are blood. They are almost always based in some kind of a fat just as human spittoons are.

O.L. Butler near Shoshone, New York makes and bottles all sorts of strips and traps. Butler sells strips mostly to the twenty thousand people who buy his catalog and is a number of dealers who carry his products on their shelves. And Butler is not the largest such operation by far.

Even though the ingredients of most of these listed products are safe you can't find out what they are. You can buy some Butler's trapping and animal traps that snap trap and the plagues and the skins. You can buy trapping and animal traps from him, but you can't get O.L. Butler's catalog, the pamphlets to tell you what goes into it, for instance Fisher-Skunk which the catalog describes as "very powerful and long lasting. An aged secret of the Fisher-trapper. He makes a Fisher set at ten cents will surely pay you and as Fisher traps should be without a bottle of this lire. You get five traps for \$1.50."

There may be a clue to the amazement over trapping in this business of secret lines and traps. Trappers with nothing but the smell of glands and garners of animal traps, and no equipment and no other animals for them to capture, sometimes trap for other animals to eat. Foxes to flesh like there are no smells in the four corner states, magazines of the wildlife associations, and it may not surprise and seem reasonable that which you cannot smell. Nothing so fully smells out of nature as the smell of a bad-field. The smell of decaying flesh reminds you that animals die and that all of the ways they die are ugly and painful. The big bad trap is just one small component of that suffering.

There is more to the vocabulary of the body over trapping. Significantly only a few claim that fur trapping is threatening any species with extinction. Most, the predators are regulated, and those who believe he can be seriously regulated have basically a higher opinion of human resources than those who would ban trapping in all forms.

As the latter say, those fierce-looking traps with their steel jaws are the poison of cruelty. Animal caught to stand a trap must suffer and the trigger releases and kills him also. This is known as a trap-off to free. Trappers will tell you that they frequently come across trapped animals that have gone to sleep and died, anyway they are not in the business of selling fangs. (They are trapping an animal) that is likely to sleep its way out of a trap. Then they use killer traps that break the animal's neck or sever its undermost vertebrae below the animal quickly, then drop it on any ground. Trappers will tell you that animals are not killed, yet the animals they are harboring and they should be preserved from punishing their terrible traps.

It happens are fluctuations. One they have to give a lot of trouble to satisfy their needs. It's simple trapping is all they have around, it would be a lot easier to stay home and kick the dog.

A man working heavier, for instance may set twenty traps in a acre or his acre and have to go to his traps. Each set is smaller and to make sure the trap is properly baited the trapper will work ten minutes with both his gloved hands in freezing water up to the neck. He will then go to his traps, and if he is lucky his sets will go—carrying home with a packed basket of animals for skins that night. At Diane Doh's place, they talk about in photos small trappers—one of the best in the country—she works New England and New York then heads south leaving his family behind. He lives in a trailer while he works, West Virginia. Then Louisiana then moves on West. Nobody knows how much he makes but it's only all pretty sure that \$40,000 is way too high.

And most trappers are not full time professionals. They are part-time trappers who work a lot of other jobs to pay the trapping bills they keep their sets up. The same time trappers sold their sets to these guys, sometimes for as much as two thousand dollars. Even today the people at Hick's see more beginners on bad states than in other years. "They still persist," says. Though one that says, "There are still bad traps, traps which will set off skins or traps, to the man who is preparing the traps to remind them to inspect the skins. No lazy man could bring in traps in the condition of this young man's three fox skins. And nobody on it for traps would be looking forward to the next season. All the trappers on the eastern coast I do as much maintenance traps as wildlife as the inhabitants of a single major construction firm. And if there is an unengaged sprayer on the committee, it is the responsible part-time trapper who doesn't have any idea of how to fight back. He has not even seen what it comes down to in what he is guilty of. What did he ever do to Mary Tyler Moore?" he

way other boys what bikes and electric trains. One of those boys, grown now and working a factory job, wrote to Hick's with the first three fox he had ever trapped.

Starting when I was in 10th grade, I would go out before school when it was still dark and check my traps. If I had anything, I skinned it out when I got back from school that night. I did that all through school. Now I can understand it. I've got a weakness. That's the only time I have to go out and work my traps. But my job is to be out that traps, so I have to go out and work.

The first year I've ever had fox. You've got to be a lot more careful with them. They're not like rats. You've gotta had the traps in by noon first to get the new skins and the old off of them. Then without touching them with your hands, you pull them or loosen them to skin them. Then you dip them in water—boil them, usually. That makes the traps with smoother and leaves them from closing. Then you skin it neatly with gloves. When you make your sets you sprinkle the fine sand around the area to prevent trap your skins.

And he does, sometimes who knows what he is doing can traps in thirty or forty fox in a season. He can bait his traps and his box set. He get the box by the right front foot every time. Or by the left front foot of the woods in.

Two of his three skins are red fox. One is a big male, deep red, tendency to rust, with full fur. Even the untrained eye can see that it is a good pair. It brings fifty five dollars. A very red fox, without the bold color and much smaller, is worth forty five. The third, a grey fox, brings thirty eight dollars.

One hundred thirty eight dollars is not much cash to buy every weekend a round-trip bus fare to trap country, where the young men consider it a good tour. Some men work hard to make an occasional thousand dollars or so holding down another job or working at whatever comes along. What they make with their traps is very important. Trapping is back-breaking work, from preparing the traps to remind them to inspect the skins. No lazy man could bring in traps in the condition of this young man's three fox skins. And nobody on it for traps would be looking forward to the next season. All the trappers on the eastern coast I do as much maintenance traps as wildlife as the inhabitants of a single major construction firm. And if there is an unengaged sprayer on the committee, it is the responsible part-time trapper who doesn't have any idea of how to fight back. He has not even seen what it comes down to in what he is guilty of. What did he ever do to Mary Tyler Moore?" he

Six serious reasons for owning a fun-to-drive AMC Gremlin X.



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3. Extra width to give you plenty of road-hugging stability plus interior room and comfort.

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6. AMC's exclusive BUYER PROTECTION PLAN® is the only full warranty that covers everything on your car, except tires, for 12 months or 12,000 miles.

*Actual mileage may vary depending on your car's condition and optional equipment and how and where you drive.

AMC ■ Gremlin

IT TOOK A WINE MERCHANT TO BLEND A SCOTCH THIS PLEASING TO THE PALATE.

Ever since the late 1600's, Berry Brothers & Rudd, Ltd. have affixed their personal label to some of the



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CUTTY SARK

GETTING AWAY

BY STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

A Travel Editor's Choices

A fiercely subjective sampling of the best restaurants and hotels

Travel writers share at least one ongoing occupational hazard with physicians: it's nearly impossible to avoid any sort of social probing without dropping a large dose of fine advice. The travel writer's equivalent of "I've got a pain in the back here, Doc," at "Mama and I thought we'd take the kids to Grandpa's—what are we like like best?"

The first two hundred or so lines they happen it's rather flattering, so you are over-festive—until you learn that there's no other way to guarantee disaster than to recommend some silly place to a valued friend. Everything from a basement to a basement is virtually assured.

Writing about a special place is no bad. For if you don't attorney it through the headlines that describe it, then the effort and/or the air conditioning and/or the atmosphere is just the ticket. The attorney, unfortunately, is to find honest work, so I suppose it's better to go on taking the maf.

To compound my own problem, I'm currently writing a new guidebook to the United States, and I've gone further out on the last than usual. The enterprise has taken the best part of the past year, and I've chosen to avoid the usual encyclopedic approach and concentrate on answering unusual "What-ness" questions. My intent is to provide a new insight into what's really first class around the U.S. at this moment.

Most of the research is now completed,

and I've already made my own choices of the best hotels and restaurants in the major American cities. But there's just one set of top of my list. I just can't seem to get the choices just made I've been involved in complete guidebook material for a fair period, having earned an extended apprenticeship with

Stephen Birnbaum is the travel editor of *Esquire* magazine.

the *Esquire* search, and what I've found to be the absolutely least valuable approach to this sort of thing is the so-called personal touch. That's where someone like "Sam and Nancy" supposedly has personally appraised every one of the hotels and restaurants listed (over two hundred pages) in the past year. The idea is ludicrous and sort of dumb, too, since an interested reader who takes the time to count the number of establishments would realize that such a personal inspection isn't physically possible much more often than once every five years.

But this deception is a minor error compared with the total credibility needed for these "personal" opinions by one presumably random. For even if the travel guidebook publisher didn't care about his credibility, he should still have the right to tell the truth, and he should have the right to tell the truth about the real value of the published opinion. Such visits are not preferable to the objective assessment, one night between the skeptic and the expensive hotel.

If the experience is pleasant, the result is a rave, though there's hardly any basis in which to judge whether that madcap trip was as atypical. And if the experience is dreadful—perhaps the result of a chafing belt for the customer by the charms of unenlightened service, or a hotel staff rendered totally helpless by some inadmissible disaster—the recommendations for the establishment is forever ruined by the break of bad-ventrue.

I prefer the this, and the approach to restaurants and hotels, especially to foreign ones, is to count foreign informed sources. These friends of the city above which they are consulted tend, ideally, have expert accounts to help them get around enough to compare. They should also have access to a fair number of visitors to their city so that

they may solicit opinions from those who regularly visit the local hotel. A brunch or dinner or two with such a contributor makes certain that maps accurate, and since there's a matter of freely checking of references. An informed local resident is also for sure not to hear about far unconvincing hotel personnel, and, finally, is in the best position to perceive a consensus. In my opinion, there's far better harbinger of consistent excellence than is a single chance encounter.

It is also important to understand that the choices needn't be subjective—*in effect*, the gospel according to Birnbaum. They reflect no state. If you like your wine medium rare, naturally ask for the *MESG* left over of your Chinese food, and don't complain that fish that overcooked. I know this has been the rule, but it's been broken.

I am much harder to please than the restaurant portion of this listing as prepared specifically for a prospective visitor: a tourist. It is so easy to adduced to be the definitive guide to resident dining, since many considerations affect the degree of hospitality and service provided a regular patron. The restaurants listed are not only the finest but are also establishments that welcome film-tourists.

What follows is still new data: the names of the best hotels and restaurants in twenty-five cities of the United States in which we've徘徊ed to appear in *The Bloomsbury Guide to the United States* 1979, which I edited. But the copy that has just been sent to the printer, and it won't be until we've had a chance to look at it.

You might like to place down my list and add yourself to this new opportunity to let your opinions be known. Before a publication goes to print. This is your chance to get in your two cents' worth, and your comments and endorsements will be dutifully considered.

THE BEST HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS IN THE UNITED STATES

Atlanta

Berry Bros.

Closed International (100 Peachtree Street, Atlanta 30303, 404/589-0000). Very new and certainly the best of a great group. Fine rooms overlook a fine and nubile atrium.

Peachtree Plaza (110 Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta 30303, 404/589-0000). The world's tallest hotel, with waterfalls, a reflecting pool and a dramatic atrium, providing marble circles that occasionally overtake the superior rooms and solid service.

Berkeley

The French Restaurant in the Omni International. A superb setting and dazzling interior are surpassed only by the city's best French kitchen. *Nakash's Bistro* (in the Atlanta Biltmore, Concourse and Bldg. 200, P.O. Box 3600, 404/475-2000). Operated more for prestige than profit, the dining room seats only nearly seven. Reservations should be made before you arrive in the city.



GETTING AWAY

Boston

Best Hotel
Ritz-Carlton 115 Arlington St., Boston 02117, 617/566-9700. Just the right level of traditional elegance for this historic city.



1 Ritz-Carlton, Boston

Best Restaurants
Lucky-Oscar 13 Water St., Boston 02110, 617/520-1949. Splendidly offbeat, preserving more than a century of tradition. The menu is as good as the decor's coffee.

Ritz-Carlton Dining Room (in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel)
Old-fashioned formality with a view of the Public Garden. Large, lovely rooms.

The Modern Gourmet 815A Union St., New York 10020, 212/661-0100. Perhaps

America's best example of the combination of art and craft. Michael Kammer combines the best of haute cuisine (Friday and Saturday only) with simpler, bistro fare (Sunday, Wednesday, Thursday).

Chicago

Best Hotel
Ritz-Carlton 114 E. Monroe, Chicago 60603, 312/261-1868. New, but still up to the traditional standard of elegance and excellence.

The Whistler Hotel 105 E. Delaware Pl., Chicago 60611, 312/944-6300. Small and personal, with a superb private restaurant open only to members and registered guests.



1 The Whistler Hotel, Chicago

Fairmont 1700 N. Chestnut St., Chicago 60611, 312/751-1980. Full of sixteenth- and eighteenth-century English furnishings, with a lobby that looks like someone's lush living room.

Best Restaurants
Le Perigord 70 E. Wilson Pl., Chicago 60611, 312/944-7600. French cuisine ably presented, in a subtle yet sumptuous setting.

Crockery (in the Tremont Hotel, 112-111 N. Dearborn) Conservatory and conservatory by the management of New York City's 21 Club. With much the same atmosphere. The Bakery (125 N. LaSalle, Chicago 60601, 312/451-6642). The city's most eclectic menu, bountiful, bright and busy.

Cincinnati

Best Hotel
Stauder's Cincinnati Towne 614 W. 4th St., Cincinnati 45202, 513/221-3000. Most modern in town but retains the best food against stodgy competition.

Best Restaurants
Milwaukee 114 E. 4th St., Cincinnati 45202, 513/721-2260. Would be at or near the top of the gastronomic list in any city. A delighted surprise here.

Denver

Best Hotel
Brown Palace 1201 17th St., Denver 80202, 303/823-3311. A piece of the cowboy past is well founded in 1892 that's not duplicated anywhere.

Best Restaurants
Patisserie (in the Brown Palace Hotel). The only truly up-lift dining room in the city, featuring bistro-style fare with a French accent.

Houston

Best Hotel
Waldorf Astoria 1770 Main, Houston 77003, 713/526-1991. The granddaddy favorite, with five-level service, massive luxury and European styling.

Best Restaurants
Lassitude (6111 Congress Blvd., 713/526-6441). The foundation of Shakes' legend, featuring a laid-back, continental menu.

Detroit
Best Hotel
Detroit Plaza (Dannawest Center, Detroit 48215, 313/561-4000). Just about the shiniest in town, but not

Dallas

Best Hotel

Fairmont (Renaissance and Astor) 15201 214-745-3637. Far and away the best, conveys the impression of a duple, continental hostility that has somehow been dropped into the middle of a prairie.



1 Fairmont, Dallas

Best Restaurants

Pavilion Room (in the Fairmont hotel). Superb fare despite an occasional menu non sequitur (Herreroes of Meerssen). Savory was once offered.

Overlook House 1607 N. Bishop, Waco 76701, 214-937-8882. A restored Greek Revival-style house where every meal starts with peanut butter. B.Y.O.B.

(Waco is a dry town.) **Waco** (in the Waco Hotel). A very welcome (and extremely good) continental respect from all the "plastic." Polystyrene food sold ready everywhere else.

Honolulu

Best Hotel

Kohala Edition 15000 Kaloko Rd., Kailua 96734, 808/264-2700. A prettified oasis in a barren wasteland from all the high rises and fine-food franchises of Waikiki.

Best Restaurants

The Third Floor (in the Hyatt Regency Hotel, 2525 Kekaha Ave., Honolulu 96815, 808/957-4610). A very welcome (and extremely good) continental respect from all the "plastic." Polystyrene food sold ready everywhere else.

Houston

Best Hotel

Waldorf (1770 Main, Houston 77003, 713/526-1991). The granddaddy favorite, with five-level service, massive luxury and European styling.



1 Waldorf, Houston

Houston Oaks (801 Westheimer, Houston 77006, 713/623-4000). Smack in the middle of The Galleria shopping mall (the most stylish in the city), with access to ice-skating, a running track and indoor tennis.

The Plaza (5000 Montrose, Houston 77006, 713/520-1445). Graceful and modern, with an

**"I went back home.
To see it for the first time."**



Arthur Kazmer, New York, N.Y.

"Even though I was born in America, I didn't grow up with Mother Goose stories. I grew up with Przemysl stories, the small town in Poland where my father was born.

"His stories were so vivid that I grew to love the town of my imagination. After many years, I was able to realize my dreams and visit this town I had known all my life.

"I walked the same streets and saw the same sights that my father had described to me years before.

"I went to the Town Hall to find out if any records of my family still existed. The Kurzweil family originated in this town. One date I was sure of was the birth of my great grandfather, in 1867. The keeper of records climbed up a creaky old ladder and reached for a dusty book marked 1860-1870 and showed me not only the entry of my great grandfather's birth but the marriage of my great, great grandparents as well.

"I found that there is much left of my Eastern European heritage. Not only records but a great deal of history. But I had to be a detective. I had to take that journey. And I had to look."

An airline like ours does a lot of things.

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America's airline to the world.



See your travel agent.

GETTING AWAY

Inventive menu in a delightful atmosphere.

The Coach House (111 Waverly Pl., N.Y.C. 10014) 212-577-8881

The best "American."

Manhattan Bistro (60 E. 40th St., N.Y.C. 10017) 212-680-2656

Only two tables, but the sort of

superb food and unusual

atmosphere that visitors come

to New York to find.

The Four Seasons (199 E. 33rd St., N.Y.C. 10017) 212-754-1949

Perhaps the most beautiful

dinner room in the city, with a

proprietorship that is creative

and a sincerely like



The Four Seasons, New York City

The "111" Club (111 W. 56th St., N.Y.C. 10019) 212-937-5300

The legend at 111 Club and unpredictable eaters are what lure most visitors, but the preparation of fresh game here happens to be the finest in this country.

Philadelphia

Best Hotel

Marquis (401 City Ave., Philadelphia 19104) 215-667-0200

The best of a very sorry lot.

Best Restaurant

Le Bec-Fin (112 S. Second St., Philadelphia 19107) 215-719-3888

This is among America's best, a French dining room that is truly worthy of the name.

Pittsburgh

Best Hotel

William Penn (505 Penn Sq., Pittsburgh 15222) 412-261-3499

Best in every American

President since 1906 an

Eden-like atmosphere.

Best Restaurant

Le Moulin (1114 Grandview, Pittsburgh 15211) 412-411-3300

500 ft. up Mount Washington, with a view of the three rivers of the Golden Triangle.

Superior French menu.

San Diego

Best Hotel

Little America Westgate (1900 2nd Ave., San Diego 92108) 714-258-1000

Elegant decor that includes a ferris wheel, antique furnishings and

very-nice Service is equal to

the inspiring surroundings.

Hotel Del Coronado (1580 El Cajon Ave., Coronado 92118) 714-459-4400

One of the great

old fashioned resort hotels in a

lovely setting.



Hotel Del Coronado, San Diego

Best Restaurant

Anthony's Star of the Sea Room (1000 Birchtree Drive and Ash, San Diego 92126) 714-252-7000

At the pier, in own boat brings

to the forefront possible catch

French House Dining Room (1001 1/2 E. 23rd St., New York 10010) 212-537-1979

White glove service, superb food reflect the natural hotel atmosphere.

San Francisco

Best Hotel

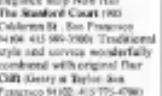
Washington (101 California St., San Francisco 94111) 415-362-0000

Understated elegance atop Nob Hill.

The Stanford Court (190 California St., San Francisco) 415-989-2000

Traditional style and service wonderfully complemented with original Pier 39 Glass at Taylor St., San Francisco 94102) 415-775-4780

Downtown's most luxurious hotel.



Washington, San Francisco

Best Restaurant

The Other Place (149 Union, South 98121) 204-631-5140

From farm developed

by the owner includes the

atmosphere, quiet and moodish

style.

St. Louis

Best Hotel

Close Park Plaza (202 Kingshighway Blvd., St. Louis 63106) 314-651-1500

Through the modernity of the rooms

the hotel is

immaculately prepared.

—B.H.

St. Louis

Best Hotel (159 Mission St., San Francisco 54206) 415-772-5000

The best of the traditional

Inns.

Best Restaurant

Doris (210 Montgomery St., San Francisco 41111) 415-397-4825

Italian-com-continental food

in a lush atmosphere, closely

supervised by the proprietress

Erin's Rest (Montgomery St., San

Francisco 41111) 415-397-3860

Vastly atmospheric

provides the background for

the city's best continental

dishes.

Trader Vic's (29 Castro Pl., San

Francisco 54106) 415-774-3370

The original and still the best

by far.

The Mandarin (800 North Point, San Francisco 94108) 415-547-8412

The city's most interesting Chinese restaurant, with a wide variety of oriental dishes.

Best Hotel (the general standard is quite high

in St. Louis)

Best Restaurant

Close Park Plaza (202 Kingshighway Blvd., St. Louis 63106) 314-651-1500

Through the modernity of the rooms

the hotel is

immaculately prepared.

—B.H.

St. Louis

Best Hotel

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Through the modernity of the rooms

the hotel is

immaculately prepared.

—B.H.

St. Louis

Best Hotel

The Madison (1011 15th St., N.W., D.C. 20008) 202-347-0000

The traditional leader, still

excellent.

The Watergate (1650 Virginia Ave., N.W., D.C. 20007) 202-347-2000

Don't let the name throw you—it's

first-class and the best address

for getting in and out of the

city.

Washington, D.C.

Best Hotel

The Madison (1011 15th St., N.W., D.C. 20008) 202-347-0000

The traditional leader, still

excellent.

Best Restaurant

Close Park Plaza (202 Kingshighway Blvd., St. Louis 63106) 314-651-1500

Through the modernity of the rooms

the hotel is

immaculately prepared.

—B.H.

St. Louis

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The Madison (1011 15th St., N.W., D.C. 20008) 202-347-0000

The traditional leader, still

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Best Restaurant

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Through the modernity of the rooms

the hotel is

immaculately prepared.

—B.H.

St. Louis

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.



The "Yokohama" glass created for the Bushmills Collection by Honey Hales

Bushmills
The world's oldest whiskey.
What individual has poured
into their glass since 1608?

Spending the Night At Her Place

One side effect of the women's movement that takes getting used to

A few years ago, word started filtering back from the psychologists' offices of the land that the women's movement had produced unfortunate side effects in some men. Like hypertension. And premature ejaculation. And, most horrendously, impotence. "It is an iron wrench caused with this last part it," a sleep specialist in New York having to pick up the check.

But, happily, most of us have learned to live with—even to welcome—the pain during a negotiation. In the relations between the sexes, we have learned to accept that in the long run, the changes are probably as good for us as for them. God knows it isn't easy to live our ways, but we try. To spend a moment in much time as they do in the vicissay of the kitchen sink. To be considerate of their preferences in the sack, try—though it is sometimes impossible. To resist inventing their stories when they before one of our opinions before friends over dinner.

But there are, also, some things that men will never get used to—like having to spend the night at her place.

It was once a given that lesser long-term or sporting now would pass the night at the man's house. Sure, we might try to be courteous, or considerate. My sister, for example, has a "no sex in the car" rule. We winning is that way, too. For convenience and for security. At our place we know where everything was, where everything belonged, how everything worked. The tickly little bottle of Lufkin Schatzfeld '47—for varicose ulceration—was in the cabinet beneath the stereo, the Oregon—for mashing afternoons—was on the bottom shelf of the pantry. The Astoria—for the three in a lesson headache brought on by that brown-nosing jerk in the office—was right where we had left it, next to the DeSoto.

So our place we want, quite simply, to change. If the phone rings and there was a female voice on the other end, we could often use that shade of uneasiness past over our current visitor's face. "Who was that?" should ask, fidgeting with impatience.

"Oh, just someone I used to know," we'd reply, and leave it at that.

And, really, there was always the certain knowledge that she was there of your impotence, that if you wanted her out the world would have to go. Paradise. And, most men never noted in going to sleep with a woman and waking up alone. Well, at your place that was always in the cards. Some men were actually able to get women to leave. "I'll see you later, baby, or—Sorry, kiddo. I just have to go to the toilet."

In *The Man Who Learned to Love*, the Truffaut film about a couple who've decided the俩 makes a policy of anthropologically separating the woman from the penis—as soon as possible after the conclusion of sex. Most of us—I like to think we were more sensitive—wished either to get it quite, quickly. We would, instead, make life so miserable for the woman by whining, or fidgeting, or picking a fight, or doing things that we were sure she had no interest in—that she would leave of her own volition. I have one friend, a lawyer who purchased a pair of LPs—the St. Louis Cardinals' seventeen championship albums of 1964 and 1970's Christmas album—that he never would put on unless any woman—or, more accurately, any man—was over. Of his house, in ten minutes.

But, now, suddenly, a woman finds her to whom that we go in her place, and that same lack of resolve we once took for granted has come back to haunt us. We go. We are there at her insistence. And often, for too often, we suffer.

What kind of desperation, desperation, relaxation, leads us to place ourselves in such a position? The wide black widow spider is in, and, literally given up his life for sex, is consumed by his mate immediately after copulation. Is our mating instinct that strong? Or our lust?

One thing is certain: very few of us display much more capacity for self-preservation than this giddy little insect. Like for men in their barns and factories and offices, successful men who have always had a thus way, there is usually a first time of her type. They just as they step across the portal, now so hard and

manage a smile. Hey, this is nice! Never mind that, blues blocks anyway—such play—immeasurably more comfortable, incomparably more attractive—arts vacant. I have advised a writer in his early fifties, who spent ten years paying off one of the most magnificent apartments in Manhattan, an entire duplex replete with a game room and sauna, night after night after night, himself at his girl friend's place, a \$200-a-month studio where he has become close with several roommates.

Even under the best of circumstances, here is a house a long, long, long distance, and here is a bed full of throw pillows and hanging plants. Art Deco prints and all kinds of crazy little knickknacks. It is usually the kind of place where you feel lousy about putting your feet up on the furniture and would be absolutely mortified if, heaven forbid, you experienced an asthma. It is not, let's face it, a place that brings out the essential you.

Not in general, at her bed. Now our bed—there is a walk of art, living and死, and even under the most trying circumstances, silent. Your bed was brought with a coldly pragmatic eye. But here, often as not, it was purchased simply because it was, no, a new, pristine, fit, in terms of mismatched—overly bright—overload of exotic, brittle wood, and it is covered with a fine, handmade quilt that must be carefully folded and positioned before the bed can be used. It is also usually wide enough for one, and a half, people, cozy and long enough to comfortably accommodate the average duration of the nineteenth century. Five feet six inches. I know a guy who after a month and a half of sleeping with his bare feet dangling out into space, of nightly encroaching his forehead against brain burs during longnights, finally had the audacity to suggest to his hostess that her bed was less than perfection. She stared at him coldly. "I did not get it to please you."

Yup, that's the rub. Everything in that place is a reflection of her tastes, her personality, her needs. In the old days when a nice woman stayed at your place, there was always a certain mystery to her. What was she really like beyond that she





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Esquire. Published monthly through February 1979 and bi-monthly thereafter.

ESQUIRE
THE MENS MAGAZINE

BEHAVIOR

one smile? How sharp was the smile—like those Fletcher doe eyes? What were her secret obsessions, the ones she brooded on behind closed doors? Well, now, at her place, it's all spelled out. By the blimpings of bewail on the bedroom wall, by the open copy of *How to Be Your Own Best Friend* on her night table, by the collected books miles of *How to Win the Day Chair* in the living room.

What's all that mystery night after you've surveyed the rest of the premises evaporates instantly when you step into her bathroom. This is the sort of her domain where you are least at home, where the one that makes you most uncomfortable. You can take hearing to your neighbor's unapologetic burp, but there's nothing that makes you feel quite as guilty as being within your friend's and your shower. Her *Blue Jeans* and her riser, the one with all the little legs bunched up under the stool, just isn't gonna do the trick. Even if you've had the foresight to take over an all-purpose asymptotic—the kind with a shower cap, a collapsible cap and plastic knives and forks that Hammacher Schlemmer paddles for \$16.95—you are still likely to be thoroughly disoriented by the pervasive perfume odor that seems to come bill to bill into many women's bathrooms.

But the killer, the absolute crusher, is when you spot in that bathroom one of those things the average woman wants you just don't want to encounter with this goddam *Blue Jeans*. Vaginal deodorant. Feminine deodorant. Feminine antiperspirant cream. *Wart remover*. *Menstrual Kvetch*. Five minutes in a woman's bathroom is liable to be a maximum on *Use Allyson or Dona Day*, a profoundly sobering experience.

But worse still—worse, even, than discovering a massive supply of *Rambo*—is the *hairs*. They're not just hair and incomprehensible, they're *hair*—the only hair. Two extra tauchchuchas on her pubic pleat, says, or a few short black hairs—here are long and auburn—plastered to the floor of her bathroom. When you make such a discovery you lose all your bearings and emerge from this secreted chamber in a state of utter confusion. Should you confront her about it? Should you rant and rave? Should you, perhaps, make light of it—plant a silly little kiss on your face, tell her how much you yourself enjoy making water bombs out of condoms and that you are pleased to note, from the Tropic of the midlife cubicle, that she shares this interest. In the end, though, you know it's best to try and ignore it. Who are you to start making demands about *Shelley*?

But, still, it burns. There are few things in life more irritating than picking up a ringing phone without thinking and having some jerk ask for the woman you with. You're even more irritated picking up that

phone and finding her mother on the other end, at least when the woman is as humiliates as you are. But when it goes with your chance of occupying an entire table. The best place to clean refers to the further corner of the premises, open a napkin, pretend to read and eat your *Beets* on.

When you're at that point, the potential variations on the *other half* theme are endless. You can sit in the apartment of a former gay friend when someone she's been seeing finally showed up. You can hear from the invisible whispering from the area of the front door that he had some real problems with the situation. Since I had been told that the fellow in question was a liberal user of mandarins and had been known to turn to violence as a first resort, that particular segment in the further corner of the premises was even more gruesome than usual.

There's a friend who found himself in this apparent situation, who returned from a vacation to find that his balloon in his pet friend's well bed was suddenly longer and wider. When confronted with the mystery, the friend just shrugs. "It's been like that all day," he says. "I was keeping it on my head, so I guess it's been like that all day." His friend was disconsolate. "My God, doesn't she even have the kindness to be with you?" he asked. "At least always did that."

• I suppose what we have so much trouble assigning in the end is that at her place she can do whatever she damn pleases. What she plans, represents, means is independent. And that is the problem. She can do whatever she wants exactly, when she's certainly no longer the backbone of her existence. She has got her work—see all those papers piled up on the desk in her bathroom!—and her hobbies—Christ. I don't know any girl who's got a *Leica* *ELM*—and all those romances afterwards. We are fast becoming, to wit, what they have always been to us.

And how problematic they are even picking to our plays. A few weeks ago I was lying contentedly in a woman's bed when—no, no discernible reason, she began to—how she can I put it?—pick on me. I smile, too much, she says and starts to tickle my nose. I'm not sure I responded to her picking on her own self—she's not tickling me, she's tickling her own nose. That did it. She sat both open on her bed and looked at me with intense hatred. I smile, she said finally, "That we were at your home."

Why?

"She could leave."

All right, I thought. "I've got my pride. I leap out of bed and with an exuberant show of indignation start getting dressed. As I started from the room, I happened to glance back at her. She was trying her damndest not to smile. At

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AND
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The Murder of Sal Mineo

In Hollywood, when you're not hot, or when you're cold, you're dead.

"**Y**ou know what day they killed him?" I said with his usual macabre interest. "The same day as Kennedy—November twenty-second. We're all up there in Monument Valley—and the Old Man likes the weather." He's talking about John Ford in a picture called *Cerrito Animado*—"So he says. I only tell 'em. He always called me St—Blast a man's guts why—and they get the camera set up and old Raulda Matahala shoots me. I fall down. Ford says: 'Get up, and they do something else. A couple of hours later we're in the city. The President's been murdered and Ford calls a wrap for the rest of the day. Somebody figured out that at the same time Raulda was shooting me, Old Will was shooting Kennedy. In this world?" Having ruined everyone's after dinner, I had suddenly dropped his head to his shoulder and was crying. He had an several salty tears in his eye and was a good number of feet from an arched doorway.

The history of that story is not really clear, but one existing in New York when *Salt* hit it in the spring of 1964. None of us had enough perspective at the time to realize how much Kennedy's death would come to represent the end of a generation, but perhaps even a vague moment of political inspiration. Certainly *Salt* was the impetus to make any serious connection between Kennedy and himself, or both in such diffuse ways, because symbols. Kennedy of the *60s*. *Marco* of the *70s*. *Star* could any of us have guessed that *Salt* is just as wise in Christopher Isherwood's *Goodbye Darkness* as it would appear, though he was in love neither twelve years, nor were we only twenty-five then and there were a lot of things we didn't know.

Menü ab 11 für Feier & Begegnung nach wie vor
a. regular ab 11 am Abend Mittwoch

been enjoyed by his friend Dean. "I gave them hell!" Dean yell'd defiantly—but too late. "I gave them hell!" he says. So did Sol—dead. Now the scars that flowed for the shattering Sol played on for the delecting in Dean's cry manifested in the audience's view by the knowledge of Dean's own death? If it was reasonable that Sol was just acting—like all acts, it's only a movie—what thoughts could cause the sadness that Dean's affectionate death was no fiction? For a generation of innumerable American citizens, death became an early reality.

Nineteen character codes have been mortified. Still, the withdrawal of the young and immature, even after he played in *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, I never saw a picture that even remotely captured his essential innocence and dazzling qualities. His tackle box and influences still linger. The reason his career was spent mostly at a very low level of achievement is that he was too good a boy to play the kind of juvenile delinquent roles both on live TV and in pictures. But except for George Stevens' *Great* and Don Siegel's *They Were Expendable*, most of the movies he played in were up to much with *China*, *Frontier* and *Sal in Don Landis* in his happy mea-

useful production of *Kane River*. *Frontier*, along with fifteen year old *Bill Howett*, whom he met on the film and with whom he fell to love, still made the cover of *Time*. He got another Oscar nomination for his intense teaching performance in *Mr. Roberts*, which he won. But the old established studios in Hollywood could never forgive him for his low-key popularity.

The preceding will repeat Bell in the early Sixties were something like *Frontier*. This can best be gauged by my own reaction to discovering him in the cast of a John Ford picture I had been sent to review for this magazine. Not even a judicious administration of the director could construct a sense of distress at Grable's 31. Minnie stating the plague when I reviewed the *Moscow Indigo*.



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HOLLYWOOD

The fact that newspapers plastered his murder in banner headlines across the country would probably have made Sel die to the side and snore: "A lotta good that does me."

eration in Mountain Valley, which straddles the borders of Arizona and Utah. Physically robust unless of what one brutal people are like, most account for a good measure of all the insidiousness and hostility in our ever more informed society. It is a lesson that cannot be learned often enough, and Sel taught it to me first. Not that he was physically amiable; there was my involvement game on. He could still be very stern in age, and since there were very few twenty-four-year-olds around—the majority of the cast and crew were over thirty and Paul himself was in his late thirties—I would guess Sel was simply pleased to see a competent, especially young, director. He had a natural need to teach others at one of my first meals on the location, and he immediately struck up a conversation. I have never met anyone quite so instantly disarming as Sel could be; inhibitions and prejudices dissolved in the heady mix of his good humor and happy congenitonal manner. We ate took him less seriously than Sel, which is not to say that he was frivolous; he'd just drop off into that funny state of his at any hint of pomposity in himself or others. His nature was generous—from the \$30,000 Maranska house he bought for his parents in the first flush of success to the many kindnesses he showed the both before and after I moved to California.

I admiringly ate my part for the trip backstage, about four weeks later, returned from the third location. I convinced Harold Hayes, then editor of *Esquire*, to let me do an article about Sel. Maranska was more than a little reticent, but a few of the former Maranska stooges convinced him, and so we spent some time together in New York—Sel and Bill and I, along with a young singer he had discovered and was promoting named Bobby Sherman. I met his parents, his older brothers and his younger sister, of whom he was especially protective. We brought Beatles records over to my tiny 90-square-foot apartment and played them loudly late into the night, jiving compulsively listening to everyone's tapes, telling some of his own. On the evening of my third location, I had dinner at the Maranska home, and when I came to, I was alone. I had a telephone call from the cover: 222-6655-0000/0000000000. I had to take Hayes's bought the telephone and went to the old car and drove to California—set it in type, had pictures taken, but never finished. After several postautonome, he abandoned it. I can't consider the idea of having Sel Maranska in the magazine.

It was the preventing need. Sel was an unashamedly materialist of the same age

that the other people preferred to forget; that he was also a talented actor seemed beside the point. As my feature was promoted in the late States and early Sevenies, Sel's deteriorated. When I first arrived in Los Angeles, the car Sel drove was a giant Bentley and the Santa Monica home he rented was spacious. But the studio jobs stopped coming and the debts were still there to pay over a matter of a million dollars in back taxes. The house got smaller, and so did the cars, though it took awhile to notice because Sel never complained. One day when asked if he could have some run-down furniture we were going to get rid of, I began to get the story. "As a favor," he said, "I want to keep it. It's a good piece of furniture, it's solid and strong all day long." He had been the first person to offer me a job at pictures, writing a script for him, we talked a lot about it but he never could get the rights to the novel. He dropped me off one afternoon in a horrid mien, perplexed, but never finished. We kept talking up too much. I chose no references of a play he was directing, *Anthony and Cleopatra*. He yelled a little in exasperation of the actors, he turned to me and insisted the day he gave me a paperback of a novel he had wanted to buy and marinated it awhile, but he was too old to play the lead now, he said the thought of it like the book was by Larry McMurtry and was called *The Last Picture Show*. Sel was at the first reading of that movie in California's projection room in Fifth Avenue, but he was too old. I was so nervous, so sick, so heart-breaking my hand and whitening what I wanted to hear.

The months flew by, and the last godly years. We went to touch so other countries we really wanted to be in the same city at the same time. Once we had lunch at Claridges in London, Sel talked equally of his troubles, but never with any remorse or even a hint of resentment at my improved circumstances. We spoke of an important part I wanted him to play in a picture, but the picture kept getting postponed. The was during amateur theater in the States, he had option to book in England, where he'd done a play, but he was never paid, so he was promised more than payment, even delivery. He never cared against the script, never even questioned why the basic plot was considered bad and unbearable. The audiences that come to see him on the little stages around the country still loved him, they still cheered his erect, smiling figure, his satisfied brown eyes.

He still looked like a teenager the last time I saw him, in 1976, when we bumped into each other in an all-night news store

across Santa Monica Boulevard at three o'clock in the morning. We embraced. He was reharsing a new play, I was shooting a picture. Someone served us tea. "Hey, Sel Maranska," as we walked out to sit in a white in my car, a big old Rolls-Royce. His Volkswagen was parked in front of it. The jokes he made were at his expense. You never left any awkwardness unaided. But he made me you were at your ease.

A couple of weeks later, I was shooting a western exterior near Los Angeles. It was early—smog and freezing cold. As I stepped off the car there was a solemn looking group from the crew headed to get a leading feature. I came over with a Coke from their great cooler. "Whoopee!" The assistant director glanced up. "Sel Maranska."

That Sel was destined to death in an oligy was so horribly in keeping with so many of the awful deaths he died that his bitter song might have amsed him. After all, he had a black sense of humor and a fine group of the absurd—a mangle symbol in his late thirties who never had a childhood. We know that entrepreneurs plumped his memory to bigger headlines across the country—especially in Los Angeles, the town in which he couldn't get arrested—would probably have made his drop his load to the side and ignore. A sorta good this one died. A Hollywood legend was born, but all I knew was that a sensitive man like Sel's once violent pasts did not give rise to similar demonstrations of grief. Usually when confronted with anything especially unpleasant—such as the Maranska killings—the respectable members of the community look for ways to place the blame on the victim. Oldfashioned habits of drug taking or whatever peculiarity might lead to a fight after death would invariably lead to the conclusion that the victim was just taking form in the first place and such are the ways of us. That comfortable rationale makes it easier to live in Hollywood, and they go on that might spontaneously be talk about the job that might have been returned, car parts possibly, and so on. I never heard Sel's friends and associates talking for contributions toward a 10,000 reward for him never turned up to receive information leading to the arrest of the murderer. Only a tiny fraction of that amount was sent in most of the letters, he told me, we were never answered.

In this racket, when you're not but anymore, or when you're cold, you're dead anyway, so a lot of folks turned the page on Sel's murder and shrugged. He went up for any picture. **40**

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Vietnam: It Was Us vs. Us

Michael Herr's *Dispatches*: More than just the best Vietnam book

Michael Herr's *Dispatches* (Knopf, \$14.95), his eponymously brilliant memoir from Vietnam for Esquire, is more than the best book to come out of the losing American trauma. It is the only book I know on Vietnam that brings to us intact the specific environment that sent our later disillusioned American at war, caught them up in a sickness that was originally called "incurable environmental reaction" and "supersensitive" of each debricated location that it's often impossible to know even remotely the damage it describes.

Every war has its own environment. Vietnam was so prodigiously dreary, so tiresome and fantasy-ridden in its dreary, so microscopically energetic in its dreary, so maddeningly repetitive in its dreary, so microscopically energetic in the media spectators at home without ever knowing real, that even the men involved became thoroughly debrivated. They lived, psychosynthetically in a dark tunnel that created a male lineage original in its protracted, exhaustion and savagery of the next man. It was not funny, mostly black-joke, theatrical in its outrage. It was an seeming claim in overall as the irredeemable American fire-power.

The war, writes Herr, "made a place for you that was always a place for getting paid. It was little wonder that the easy facility of so much fine cooking up political importance made the easy writing up and money income. Few words had to say anything for themselves. Men wanted to eat, not think. The slogan generals practiced, 'Language is to, not did the G.I.'s understand the 'speaks,' where 'advocates become our war working alone together toward a classified nervous. Left with the family who they had of training to see —

the proper system thinking and tracking out.'

Words, words, handouts and lists, sermons, prayers, rage, blood lust for the land and the gods, who refused to disappear in winter how many times you killed gods who looked like them. It was the emblem of the yellow, puffed-out yellow men god killed, got killed but kept coming. War like cancer either extreme experiences founded on technology alone, creates its own "small language" for those in the know. One grant, and on arrival that he had been presented only four months of data. Four months, another soldier wrote home. But the men wrote home. "My one," he wrote home, "got reassigned." Herr himself notes that "my one" was like a walk through a colony of stroke victims. Deathly cold the black tunnel of Vietnam where "hell suits" and nothing was for very long what it was supposed to be. The circumstances of so much inner darkness made the men feel impervious, to be disposed of by mysterious forces.

All words, like certain frightened accidents and body organs have this impressing quality. You live and die in the easy facility of so much fine cooking up political importance make the easy writing up and money income. Few words had to say anything for themselves. Men wanted to eat, not think. The slogan generals practiced, "Language is to, not did the G.I.'s understand the 'speaks,' where 'advocates become our war working alone together toward a classified nervous. Left with the family who they had of training to see —

Any army develops its own code as necessary military shorthand, and this bonds soldiers together in a form of battle-proof superiority. But in Vietnam

the experienced "hardened" soldier had to end up with hallucination, there was certainly enough of that in the air anyway. "Boo-shells! I am I never gonna get in Vietnam. . . . Come I don't count." The old proud logo of "men at arms" seems to have been replaced by a stage porter and satirist, what monotheistic Jewish comedy like Lenny Bruce called the shmoes.

Herr has a particular ear for that which is ominous, unassimilating as it could be. His book is explosive, like after him and always will. What you hear are death voices too need to fight again with the new weapons to fight that are often as easygoing as the old. But the terrain of the war was not on your side. Not of course, there was a lot of rock and dope in the field, all the pleasures of Beniharu right followed by a scheduled evacuation.

What you had in Vietnam was the greatest possible offering of noise, anger, pain, exhaustion — everything men try in the line creation to has own tape recording of Jimi Hendrix and Jimi Hendrix without precedents in history. Herr describes well the "flopseep" freaks out to eat the country whole. This was fire power that by empty repetition reduced gamblers to hysteria. Breggwater that plainly destroyed the countryside rather than the men.

He would like after so much noise and exhaustion men often printed themselves in the imagined or changes they most felt themselves to be. "Every fifth round fired was a tracer, and when Spooky was working, everything stopped while that solid stream of violent red painted the road of the black sky. . . . If you watched in close range, you could i believe that everyone would have the courage to deal with that . . . week after week, and you cultivated a respect for the Viet Cong and NVA who had crushed under it every night new for morale . . .

Book critic Alfred Kazin is at Swarthmore College's Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences this year.

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with ice. Add orange slice, cherry



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Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

The Best of What's New

Esquire's fortnightly directory to products, gadgets and gear

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Welcome Editions Unlike most bird guides, which are arranged by family and species, *The Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Birds* (Alfred A. Knopf), \$7.95, is organized by bird color and shape and is illustrated not with drawings but with glorious color photographs.



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White House Unsociability

Can Jimmy Carter's administration govern without going to parties?

Washington is a city of socialists. Not since General Douglas MacArthur dispersed the Bonus Army marching on the Capitol in 1932 perhaps not since the British sailed up the Potomac and actually burned the White House in 1812 has the mood of the capital been as James Roray would say, as grim. *The Washington Post* probably put best, dismally, unwieldily: "The music has started and there's no body to dance with."

What gave this simple sentence its much power was that it was written by the star reporter of the steady crowd's dominant newspaper, Sally Quinn, who wrote that herself. And, on the very same day, the steady crowd's syndicate newspaper, *The Washington Star*, came from the press under this headline: CARTER AVOIDS SOCIAL CLEVERNESS IN POLITICAL TOLLS. The Star quoted a very concerned Texas congressman, Chapman, who said: "I had heard all these stories about how these steers should be treated, they were, but this was ridiculous."

As usual, however, the Post tapped the Star in its tacking frantically, between the legs of its folded objectivity, the capping impatience of the President of the United States, the leader of the free world. The Post quoted Clark Clifford himself: "The President is going to lose points."

The date will then be remembered in December 16, 1971. The Post and the Star independently, in the great tradition of life press, revealed in a gripping detail the fact that has frozen this capital winter: snows the Carter's are not going to parties.

Politically Jimmy Carter is losing points these days. Miss Quinn writes



shaming. Even the word "expensive," with a stalwart energy bill, enlarged tax boost and filled national popularity in the polls, has begun to be perceived as a man who can't get things done. Why?

The answer is complex. Miss Quinn caustic but characteristically, she quickly found it: Jimmy Carter is not making it because Jimmy Carter and, more important, those around him are not playing the game. One theory is that the Carter people still think they are supposed to go to parties in Washington for

fun, to have a good time. Only a few are beginning to catch on that social events mean work.

In the far-flung Beale Miss Quinn's lifelong companion, speaks more as a statesman, eliciting her respect almost to political status. Washington is the most professional city in the world, making a strong argument for the nature of a career. The very essence of the city is its usual life, where the political doings of the day are slightly punctuated, commented on and measured in the tolerance and enforced by politeness. Society here is an aggregate of wealthy blue-blonds. It's a highly concentrated group of well-honed achievers.

Moving in it is broadening.

Drawing on the expertise of a pol who has been in and out of five administrations, Miss Quinn synthesizes both the problem and a possible solution: "The most important element of a local social club is a single quote:

"The Carter people are being put down on the Washington party circuit," said her experienced pol, "and the next step is that people in Peoria are going to be reading unreadable things. If you get the Federal City Club up in arms about something, then the Secretary of State or his representatives should be there to know about it."

Searching for the balanced overview in the shelter of retired Rep Stevens, Miss Quinn called on David Shulman, who said: "We don't see them anywhere. I saw Judy one night. He was deeply uncommunicative. Everything he said sounded like a mount of a campaign line I've heard for that." The Nixon people went much more social than the Carter people on that (continued on page 125)

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Polaroid's SX-70 Alpha 1



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